

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



*The Speech Unspoken*

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# All The World Loves A Good Breakfast



Some of the old-world races do not eat breakfast. The breakfast habit is peculiar to the Anglo-Saxons, the race that has changed the map of the world, the race that has blazed the way for human progress and civilization.

A wholesome, nutritious breakfast, a light lunch at noon, a good hearty meal at the close of the day—that is the regimen for the healthy man or woman who works with hand or brain.

But be sure the breakfast is wholesome, nutritious and easily digested.

## Shredded Wheat Biscuit

heated in the oven to restore crispness and eaten with milk or cream, a poached egg or a slice of bacon, makes an ideal breakfast, supplying all the nutriment needed for half a day's work or play. In Winter eat stewed prunes or preserved fruits with the Biscuit; in Summer eat it with berries or other fresh fruits. The combination is healthful and strengthening.

Shredded Wheat is a simple, natural, elemental food, made of the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest,

finest, most hygienic food factory in the world. It contains no yeast, no baking powder, no fats, no chemicals of any kind—just pure whole wheat which may be sweetened or seasoned to suit the taste.

**TRISCUIT** is the Shredded Wheat wafer, the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk—to be eaten as a toast with butter, soft cheese or marmalades. A delicious snack for picnics or excursions on land or sea.

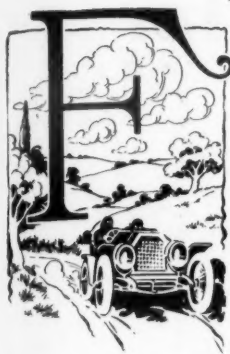
The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



# The Building Of A Tire

By H. S. Firestone



ANCY, lined up before the car owner all the people who work with head and hand to produce his tires—

If every one of them, from the native of the rubber jungle and the cotton planter, to the final factory inspector, could pass before the tire user in review—

It would be a procession of rare interest and a satisfying explanation of tire cost.

But pass over the dozens of handlings of raw material before it reaches the tire factory.

Consider only the Tire as developed by the Tire manufacturer.

## Importance of The Design

First of all there is the design to consider. Strength of steel and thorough building will not save a bridge designed on a wrong principle. Nor can quality materials and quality workmanship save a poorly designed tire. It was the stroke of engineering genius brought forth in "Firestone" Tires that accounts in a large measure for their leadership in efficiency and length of service.

The *design* must not be confused with the *type* of tire. There are differences in the designs of the same types, scarcely noticeable to the untrained eye, but vastly different in power of efficiency.

From the design is made the pattern or "core" upon which the tire is built.

Here are where materials and workmanship begin to count. The number of processes necessary and the amount and difficult character of work involved would never be imagined by an outsider.

## Haste in Factory—Waste on Road

There is the matter of washing and purifying the rubber thoroughly or carelessly—the rolling of it into rough sheets to dry—the drying process, forced and slipshod or natural and scientific—the massing of it into workable condition in huge mills—the mixing with minerals where compound is used, rushed through the rollers and slighted, or mixed to a perfect unity of elements, according to the standard set.

Even the finest rubber is no better than the way it is handled. It is the little extra time, the little extra pains given to every step in developing a tire that in the aggregate gives the big extra mileage.

Instead of taking fabric strength for granted it should be *tested*. And not even once to a roll but two or three times. More than that, it needs inch by inch examination for uniformity by a relentless inspector.

When the fabric goes to the rolls or "calenders" to be filled with rubber—the heat of the rolls must be exact—the flow of Up-River Fine Para Rubber liberal and uniform, rubber pressed in from *both* sides

and an extra layer applied for security of adhesiveness in building the walls or body. Some do not consider this "necessary" but it is *essential* to highest *quality*.

Skill counts big in all these operations. The tire maker must choose between experts or cheaper men—between haste and thoroughness. And if he is sparing of inspectors or allows inspectors loose standards he must be thinking mostly of cost and price.

## The Element of Workmanship

When things are finally ready for actual construction, when fabric, side-wall, bead, cushion, breaker-strip and tread have been cut to measure and are turned over to the builders, the bulk of hard, exacting, minute hand labor begins.

Here the Firestone standard of one inspector to every ten builders should be followed by every manufacturer who aims at quality.

The rubber-filled and coated fabric is stretched on the "Core", layer on layer. Each layer inspected. Then the bead is added and inspected. Then the side-wall is put on. Then the cushion.

At this point a manufacturer takes his standard of one curing or two curings, and the short, forced vulcanizing or the slow, natural, uniform vulcanizing. The Firestone standard is the *double cure*, and the slow vulcanizing at a moderate heat rather than the quick method at intense heat.

By so curing a tire at this middle stage of development, the fabric foundation or walls can be more thoroughly and evenly vulcanized the cushion made more of a unit with the "body" than when breaker-strip and tread are added first and the whole given only one curing or "baking."

## The Single or Double "Cure"

A glance at the sectional view shows that the tire is not equally thick at all points. If the tire is cured only when complete the heat will not penetrate evenly all around, the wall construction may not become thoroughly vulcanized. Fabric separation or tread separation is the result.

Double curing means double care, double inspection. After the main body has been cured and inspected the breaker-strip and tread are added, the tire *powerfully wrapped* and given a second cure. Every division then becomes thoroughly vulcanized, the rubber of each section mingles with the next—the tire becomes *one* part, a perfect unit of strength.

It has been proven in the Firestone factory, by twelve years of increasing superior service, that these standards of minute care give not only supreme quality, but are economical and good business.

It is the supreme quality of material, the supreme skill of the work, and the supreme care of systematic manufacture, which have given Firestone Tires their place of unchallenged leadership.

**THE Firestone Tread**—is of unusual thickness and yet the Firestone is not a heavy tire. This is because pure rubber weighs less than compound. The high percentage of pure rubber in the tread affords the thick, long-lasting wearing surface with greatest resiliency and least weight.

**THE Firestone Breaker Strip**—to distribute the force of shocks over a wider surface. Made of Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord. Filled with Pure Para Rubber. Toughest construction possible.

**THE Firestone Side Walls**—are made of an extra high percentage of Up-River Fine Para Rubber, built layer by layer to liberal measure of thickness according to size of tire. Each strip carefully inspected and cured into a solid unit.

Firestone Tires cost more than others to build—they cost a little more than others to buy—but they cost much less than others to use.



**THE Firestone Cushion**—to absorb shocks—make easiest riding—to protect fabric body. Made of Pure Up-River Fine Para, applied layer by layer and cured into one solid piece of fullest resiliency. Built extra thick.

**THE Firestone Fabric**—The finest grade Combed Sea Island Cotton, tested and inspected, inch by inch, thoroughly and evenly, saturated with Pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber, stretched on by hand, built up wall by wall from four to six layers, according to size of tire.

**THE Firestone Bead**—In this case for quick detachable tire. Made of Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord, saturated with pure rubber, pressed into a perfect foundation of extra strength and unity and cured into the tire.

Firestone Tires are made in all types to fit all standard rims. Quick Detachable Clincher. Regular Clincher. Quick Detachable Straight Side. All in Smooth Tread or Non-Skid Tread.

## The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

—away with suspenders and belts

Learn "Hip-Fit" Comfort



Adopt the only practical and hygienic way of holding your trousers up. Suspenders are uncomfortable—unevenly—they drag—they make men stoop—they make them round shouldered—they tear off buttons. Belts are stiff—binding—unhealthy.

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**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded**

For men with large protruding abdomen requiring more than ordinary support, we make a combination trouser and stomach supporter. Price \$1.50.

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Tailors, Dealers, and Side Line Salesmen are invited to write us.

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in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. Write for Special Offer.

**Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models... \$10 to \$27**  
**1910 & 1911 Models... \$7 to \$12**  
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All makes and models, good as new. **Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE.** We ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, mudguards, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. **DO NOT BUY** until you get our catalog and offer. Write now.

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your sewing machine with "3-in-One;" then just watch it run. This wonderful, labor-saving oil makes machine sewing delightfully easy. It prevents rust, cleans out dirt and grease, keeps all parts in perfect order. Trial bottle sent **FREE** by **3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 42 ANS. Broadway, New York City.** 3-in-One is sold at all stores—trial size 10c; Household size 50c.

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Courses, Manual Training, etc. For descriptive catalog address **CHICAGO SCHOOL OF APPLIED AND NORMAL ART** Box 102, 606 S. Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Training with field work under specialists in Civics, Charities, Child Helping, Settlements, Recreation, etc. Single Course \$12.50. 12 Courses (Diploma) \$75. 10th year opens October 1.

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**ORIENT**

**CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 72 days, \$400 and up, by new Cunarder "Laconia." Hotels, drives, guides included. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK**

## Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 80

A SHOE manufacturer who has made a great success, in which advertising has played an important part, emphasizes the absolute dependability of his advertising claims by this statement:

"My name on a shoe is always a good advertisement for me; because it never goes on a shoe that is not good enough to make me want the buyer to remember me."

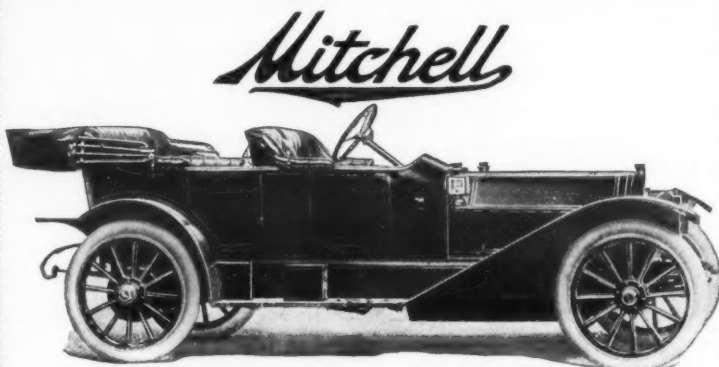
"I put my name on my shoes as I put it on my checks; to show that I am responsible for their being as good as I say they are."

That well expresses the advantage you have in buying goods bearing well-known names or brands, for it would be the rankiest kind of folly for advertisers to put their names on products that were not good enough to make them want you to remember who made them.

It expresses, too, the advantage you have in buying goods advertised in Collier's, for Collier's advertisers are responsible for their products being as good as they say they are.

We allow no exceptions to this rule.

*E. B. Patterson.*  
Manager Advertising Department



YOU automobile buyers are in two classes; the ones who own cars and have reached their desire for certain things through experience, and the ones who are buying a car for the first time and must depend to a large extent on what others tell them.

An advertisement can't very well appeal to both of these classes, and the fact that so many experienced drivers are buying Mitchell cars shows that the car itself is the best reason they can have for making this selection.

To the inexperienced man we will say—In a Mitchell car you get simplicity with power—easy to understand; you get speed with perfect safety; you get low cost of operation and long life for the car; you get a handsome appearance and luxurious ease in riding; and most important just now to you—you get careful attention and explanation of everything you don't understand about automobiles both before you buy and afterwards. The Mitchell service is a great help to the beginners.

**Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company**  
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City Seattle London Paris

Quaint Booklets for Summer Reading

## 3 Cures for the Blues

**Golf**  
By  
**GEORGE FITCH**

"For the Beginner the Hole Should be the Size of a Cistern, with a Concave Putting Green." "Golf, to the timid man who has mowed a large field with a dull club for the first time, is an overgrown game of hide-and-seek which is played in a reformed cow-pasture with clubs and a vocabulary." Send this book to your golf fiend friend.

**The Automobile**  
By  
**GEORGE FITCH**

"A Swift Sketch of the Machine's Development in Speed, Expense, and Deadliness, from its Milk-Teeth Days to 100 Miles an Hour and \$1,000 a Minute—Pedestrians a Growing Nuisance."

Contents:  
The Joys of Steam  
Six Cylinders and Perfection  
The Runabout a minute  
The Auto of the Future  
Rules for Pedestrians

**Bridge**  
By  
**GEORGE FITCH**

A satire on the game, which the author defines as "Ordinary Whist with a Wheel of Fortune Attachment. It is a Cross Between Double-Entry Bookkeeping and Roulette, and is Played with a Deck of Cards, an Adding Machine, and a Promissory Note. It is listed as a Game, but Generally Varies Between a Vice and a Life Calling."

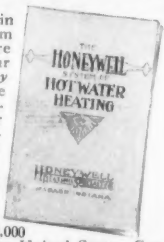
The three booklets are uniform in style, 36 pages, printed in black and red on antique deckle edge paper, cleverly illustrated, and attractively bound in boards. The price at your bookseller's is 35c each. By mail from this office, 38c each.

**P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.**  
PUBLISHERS  
416 W. 13th St., New York City



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If you had difficulty in keeping your house warm last winter—if you were disappointed with your heating system for any reason—or if you are planning to build or remodel—write today for your copy of our interesting illustrated book—free.



It tells how to increase the efficiency of any hot water heating plant from 25 to 50%. It explains how over 100,000 people in all parts of the United States, Canada and foreign countries have solved their heating problems—how you can solve yours. It describes methods and devices which have practically revolutionized the old style hot water heating systems.

### HONEYWELL SYSTEM OF HOT WATER HEATING

—saves work, worry, time and money. Costs little to install, is more sightly, more efficient and provides for a greater range of water heat than is found in any other system—(from 85° to 240°).

It saves cutting floors, weakening joists, avoiding ceiling stains and unsightly pipes. It prevents water from boiling in the heater and eliminates all danger of freezing pipes.

With a Honeywell System in your home you pay no attention to dampers or drafts. In the most changeable weather, your home is *evenly, steadily heated* to the degree of warmth you desire, *automatically*. You can sleep in a cool room if you enjoy it, and without attention on your part, the house will be comfortably warmed by the time you are ready to dress. The same plan can be followed if you leave the house for a time.

Send your name now for catalog that explains all about the Honeywell System of Hot Water Heating. Address

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HEATING SPECIALTY CO.**

131 Main Street

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Disfigured Walls made Beautiful



A Liquid Cement Coating for Stucco, Concrete and Brick

**TRUS-CON  
STONETEX**  
APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

Uniform in color results. Absolutely damp-proof. Prevents mould and dampness reaching inside. Weather resisting. Does not chip off, crack or peel like paint. Becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing all pores and filling hair cracks, giving an artistic flat finish as hard as flint. Adds to external beauty and durability of buildings. Various colors.

**FREE Color Card** and valuable suggestions. If you are troubled with damp walls, basements or interiors, write for free expert advice. **TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.** 142 Trussed Concrete Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.

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Use the inside facts about this wonderfully fascinating and profitable profession. A fully illustrated book, "How To Become A Newspaper Artist," tells what you would know in order to succeed—materials needed, assignments, technique, how to make layouts, cartooning and caricature, drawing from a model, animal drawing, etc. Prepared by artist now on a big-city paper. Price \$1.00 Postpaid.



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Not a luxury—no absolute necessity. Excels any dollar lighter. Does not tear pocket. Safety pocket-clip, a guarantee against loss. Storm-proof. Postpaid only 25c.  
Soleman Wanted. American Pyrofor Co., 5841 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Learn to Swim by One Trial For Sale Everywhere  
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# Collier's

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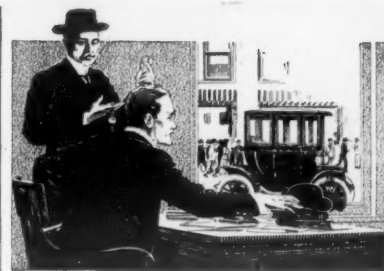
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“—my Electric  
is at the door

**HAVE** you noticed that more men are driving Electrics each day? Men of big affairs are coming to appreciate *more and more* the Electric's wide sphere of usefulness in daily business life—the economy and dependability of this ideal town car.

The Electric is fast becoming the man's *personal* car because of its simplicity of operation and freedom from mechanical difficulties. Always ready—no cranking—no shifting of gears—and as much speed as any business man desires.

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Upon request, the Information Bureau of this Association will gladly send you interesting literature about the Electric Vehicle. Write today.



Before you buy any car  
—consider the Electric

**ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION  
OF AMERICA**

BOSTON 124 W. 42ND ST. CHICAGO  
NEW YORK (11)

## WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

Have More Than a Guarantee Behind Them

THE purchaser of a motor truck, to be secure in his investment, must consider not only the construction of the truck and its adaptability to his business conditions, but also the financial responsibility and the integrity of the truck manufacturer behind it.

The guarantees and free service offers under which so many trucks are sold, are no better than the reputation and responsibility of the manufacturers who make them.

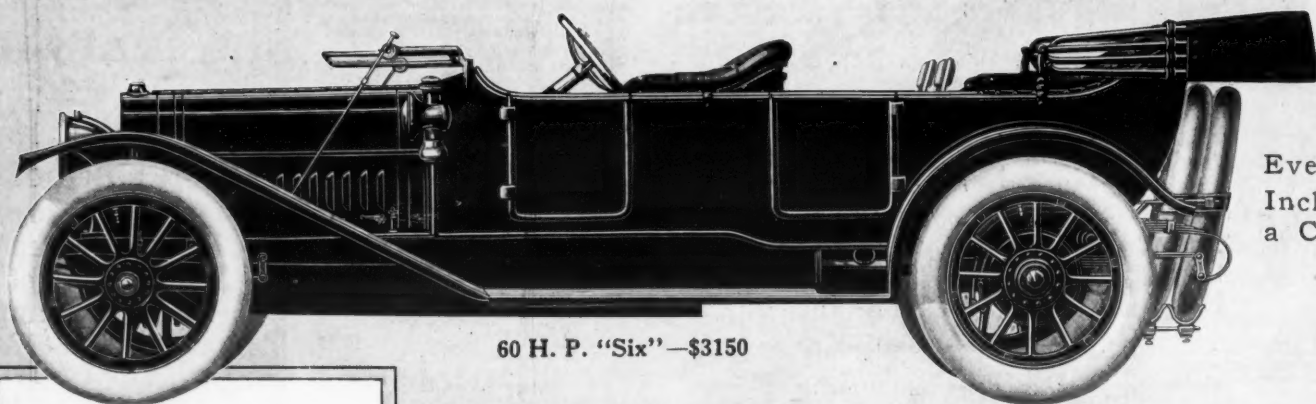
White Trucks are manufactured by a company which has had the confidence and respect of the industrial world for over fifty years. The name of the White Company is the best guarantee in the world of the sterling quality of White Trucks.

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CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs.

# The comfort car for 1913 — four spirited models of striking style.



60 H. P. "Six" — \$3150

Every  
Inch  
a Car

## Electric Started and Lighted

A turn of the switch retards spark beyond possibility of "back fire"—releases rich mixture—starts the dynamo-motor as motor on current from storage batteries, and turns the engine with enough power to run the car a considerable distance.

Now, with the engine running under magneto ignition, the dynamo-motor converts into a dynamo and charges the storage batteries for lighting, and future starting. The Edison three-wire lighting system permits the use of lamps of twice the ordinary candle-power.

The KisselKar system is completely automatic—the turning of the switch is all you have to do with starting. It has fewer moving parts than any other electric starter, and is refined to the last degree of mechanical perfection. In effectiveness of operation, in design and construction, it is the notable 1913 automobile achievement.

## Flexible Power

The KisselKar motor gives a range of throttle control which makes driving a mere matter of throttle manipulation and reserves gear-changing for use only under severest conditions of driving. You can throttle down on "high" to a creeping pace in traffic. You can take hills on "high" at easy normal speeds, without rushing them. The KisselKar will drive on "high" as slow or as fast as any road car ever built.

"Thirty"	-	\$1750
"Forty"	-	2000
"Fifty"	-	2500
60 H. P. Six	-	3150

Fully equipped

Extra liberal wheel base, big wheels, big tires, shock absorbers, unusually roomy tonneaus and wide, low and extra deep seats with eleven inches of upholstery, absorb road vibration. In innumerable details of design and construction the KisselKar is an immeasurably superior automobile.

# KISSELKAR

The 1913 KisselKar, in the two important elements that now distinguish one good car from another—comfort and beauty—sets a new standard, excelling every previous idea of car-comfort and attractive design.

The KisselKar for 1913 brings a new *mildness* to motoring, a new ease in the driving of a car, and the new design seats are a final comfort refinement, encouraging you to relax restfully and lend yourself utterly to the stimulating exhilaration of light, quiet motion.

The graceful, out-bending panels, the swelling curves which replace sharp joints and edges—the general *moulded* effects of the new design, give the 1913 KisselKar the ultimate distinction sought after since the automobile has been considered less as a machine, and more as the aristocratic pleasure vehicle of modern life.

The road ability and road worthiness of the KisselKar are established by the prestige gained by past models—and as an added guarantee of fullest motoring pleasure, low maintenance and slow depreciation, comes KisselKar service, supplied by a national organization of service-centers maintained by the manufacturers at principal points in America.

The KisselKar representatives will give you every opportunity to confirm the conspicuous values and signal advance of the 1913 KisselKar over every previous standard. Write for the 1913 Catalog, which is a valuable aid in judging automobile values and attractively illustrates and fully describes all KisselKar models.

Kissel Motor Car Co., 402 Kissel Ave., Hartford, Wis.

Boston New York Chicago Milwaukee Kansas City Los Angeles  
Minneapolis St. Paul St. Louis Dallas

Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, El Paso, San Antonio, New Orleans, Baltimore, Omaha, Butte, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Hartford, Conn., New Haven, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, and 200 other principal points throughout America.



# Colliers



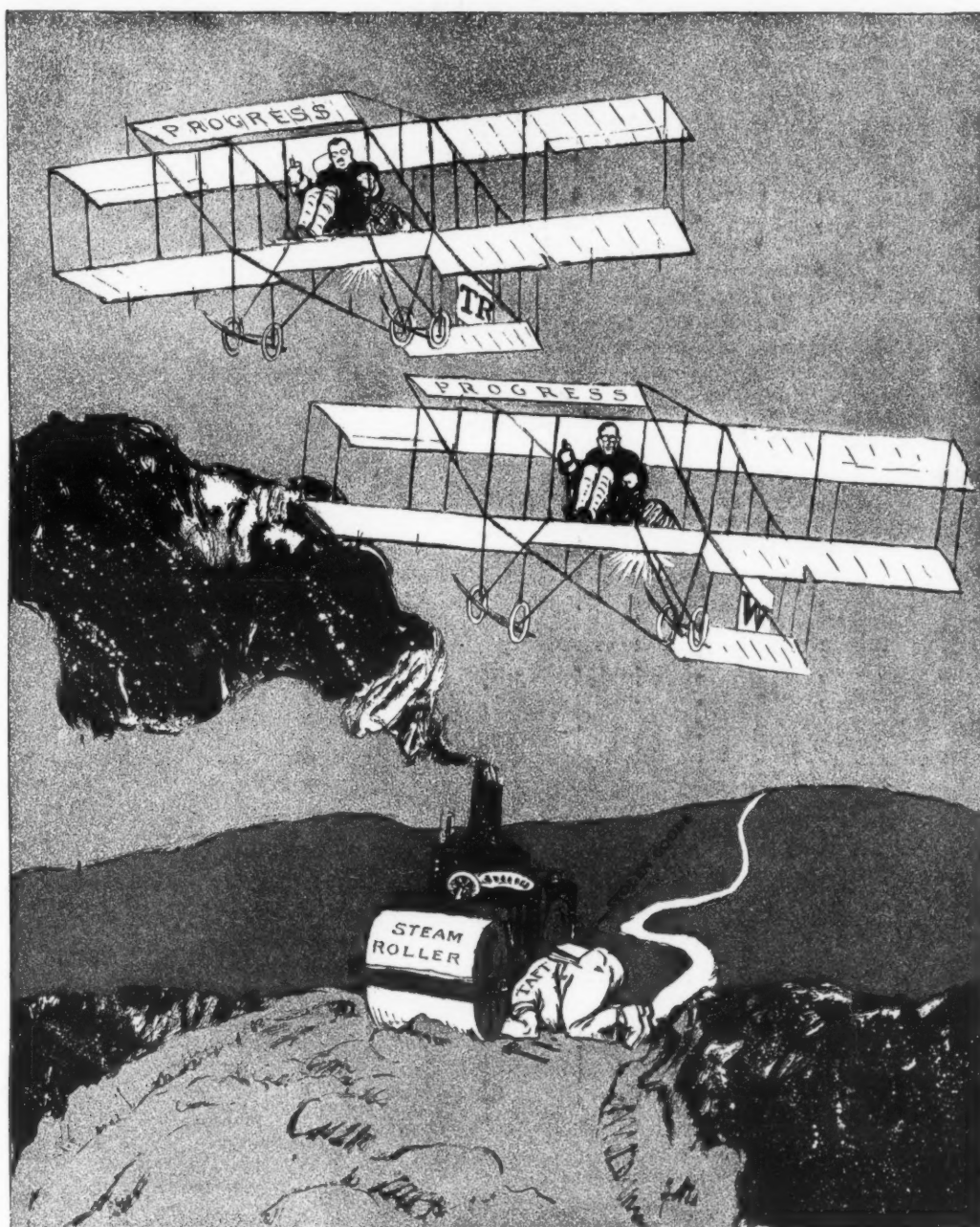
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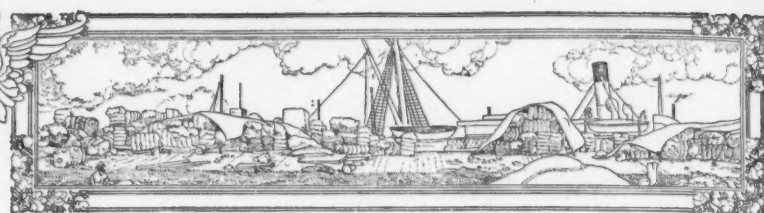
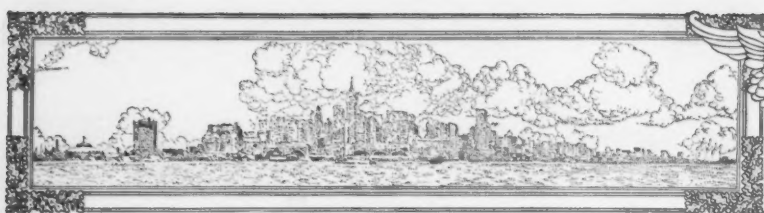


MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NORMAN HAPGOOD  
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR





#### TAFT

**H**E THOUGHT that the interpreting of statutes was all there was of life or office. The spirit of the times went by him. He lacked energy; in repeated public addresses he used stronger words than ROOSEVELT ever did concerning certain abuses of the courts, but the beneficiaries of those wrongs never worried; but at a single speech from ROOSEVELT in private life they flew into panic. TAFT "meant well feebly." The public did not feel strongly against him—he never inspired so robust an emotion as hate. People didn't think of him as having the will to do evil; rather, they felt sorry for him as an easy-going man in a strenuous time, one to whom ease and sleep were more attractive than the strife that was necessary to keep his foothold. In the unhurried quiet of some inferior bench, minutely comparing tweedledee and tweedledum, his flaws might never have come out, and he might have ended his years, not with any particular glory, of course, but certainly without opprobrium. The country blamed his environments more than the indolence which permitted those environments to be what they were; DOLLIVER's epigram crystallized the public conception of TAFT: "A large, amiable body, closely surrounded by persons who know exactly what they want." Some pretty grave faults in his character came out; for example, his participation in the forging of a public document to escape the embarrassing consequences of a false position; but the public thought of this as the petty subterfuge of a feeble man rather than the big wickedness of a malevolent one.

#### THE INDIVIDUAL

**I**F ALL THE PROMISES of the candidates came true, if all the planks of the various platforms became laws, they would not accomplish as much for the individual welfare of any man as he himself can effect by the exercise of qualities within the circumference of his own character. The men who suffer in the cities from the high cost of their uselessly complicated living could permanently improve their lot by a three days' walk straight into the country, and by the determination to endure the temporary inconveniences of readjustment. The last is the part that takes character. The immigrants who crossed the sea had to have much more. Any able-bodied man with durable qualities of character can to-morrow drop off the railroad at any one of a thousand stations west of the Mississippi, within an hour have work at enough pay to save half of it, within five years own a piece of land, and within twenty years have a comfortable home, with children in the local State university. If a very large number of men should adopt this program, the aggregate would accomplish more to remedy our economic maladjustments than any statesman can.

#### THE MAN WHO DID IT

**T**HE GENERAL of the reactionary forces in Chicago was WILLIAM BARNES, JR., the New York Republican boss. ROOT was his creation, CRANE and PENROSE were his lieutenants. BARNES was referred to in these words by the report of the Special Committee of the Senate, Appointed to Investigate the City of Albany, March 12, 1912:

"The most conspicuous beneficiary of graft, public extravagance and raiding of the 'municipal treasury we find from the evidence to be Mr. William Barnes, Jr., himself.'"

#### WHO REPRESENTED THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

**T**HE STATES which supported TAFT at Chicago cast in the last Presidential election, 1908, a Republican vote of 2,911,397. In the same election the States which supported ROOSEVELT at Chicago cast a Republican vote of 4,329,917.

#### SENATOR WARREN AND FORT RUSSELL

**A** WYOMING reader, Dr. HERBERT T. HARRIS of Basin, favors us with this facet of political and social conditions in his State:

EDITOR COLLIER'S—Yesterday a prominent Republican politician of this State told the writer that Fort D. A. Russell, at Cheyenne, had recently purchased from the Collier Publishing Company some six thousand dollars' worth of books.

The gentle insinuation accompanying the above was that the astute Senator WARREN was to be "let up on" in the editorial pages of COLLIER'S as the chief consideration in the book transaction.

In Wyoming, as elsewhere, stories of this sort travel by wireless, and perhaps this particular story may be news to you.

Very truly yours,

HERBERT T. HARRIS.

We are more interested in this as a reflection of what political corruption can do to a community than because of its personal associations. Senator WARREN's machine has so long kept its grip on Wyoming by just this sort of bribery that the individual moral standards of the people have been debauched, and it is natural for them to see such inferences as the one in this letter. Fort D. A. Russell is Senator WARREN's political capital, upon which he has drawn long and largely. By virtue of his "pull"—as chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations—he secured the building of the fort near the capital of his State. Many

millions of Government money have been spent on it, and everybody who has profited, from the landholders down through the contractors to the bricklayers and laborers, has been expected to repay his obligation through political services to Senator WARREN and his machine. When some one writes the history of "pork" he can describe this as the perfect example. The very fiber of the State has been debauched. The newspapers which express the conscience of the community say openly that WARREN ought to be returned to the Senate because of his success in getting money. A State which ought to share the independence and virility of other Rocky Mountain communities has become as sodden as Rhode Island. Since the departure of ALDRICH, WARREN is the most powerful of the undesirables left in the Senate. One of our writers has been at work for many months upon his record: When we print it, the belief of the "prominent Republican politicians" of Wyoming in the universality of their cynical standards will be sufficiently dissipated.

#### ONE TEST OF A CONGRESSMAN

**H**ERE IS A GENERAL RULE applicable to every one of the four hundred and thirty Congressional contests that will take place this fall: vote *against* the man who bases his candidacy on his capacity—either in past performances or future promises—to get public buildings, post offices, river improvements, army posts, or other forms of work for his district. Public buildings are the little graft which the machine gives in exchange for big graft. Don't imagine that Senator WARREN has been able to get an extraordinary number of public buildings for Wyoming without trading his vote to ALDRICH and the machine on the cotton schedule and on other matters of vast public importance.

#### POLITICAL MACHINERY

**T**HE PRINCIPAL ARGUMENT in favor of the Short Ballot is that it enables the voter to enforce his will, which he cannot do when the party is so complex that it results in control of politics by machines. Another reason, however, is that it is a logical supplement to the direct primary. The greatest drawback to the direct primary is that it increases expenses, and the best cure for this is the Short Ballot.

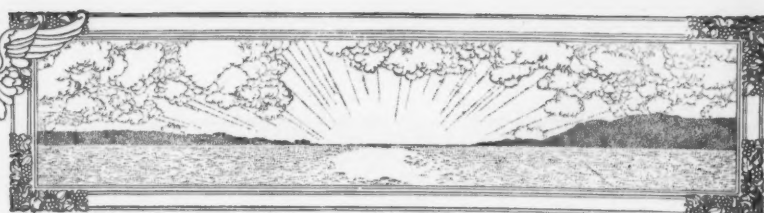
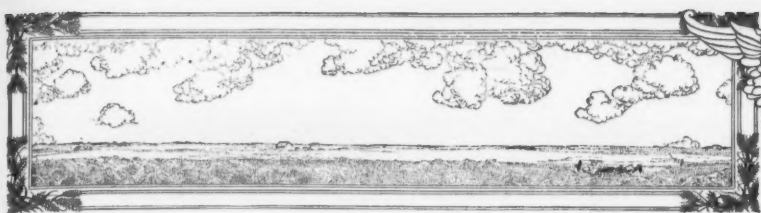
#### MEXICO CHEERING UP

**M**ADERO'S SUCCESS in pulling himself out of the slough of disorder into which Mexico seemed to be sinking a few months ago is a matter for general congratulation. Even if he has had to use some of old DON PORFIRIO's methods, he at least stands for law and order, and the post-revolutionists do not. As the troublesome Mr. OROZCO is driven farther back into the mountains of Chihuahua, it is pleasant to read in the "Mexican Herald" that "the 1912-1913 grand opera season will be a most brilliant one." BONCI is to be there, and probably Mr. SAMMARCO, and there is a genial interest attached to the reappearance of Miss REGINA VICARINO. The Mexicans, who hiss off the stage anyone they don't like, are very critical of American singers, and Miss VICARINO was born and trained in America, in spite of her name. Last year the gallant audience was so pleased with her singing that they waited until she emerged from the stage door, unhitched the horses from her carriage in the traditional Mexican fashion and dragged her in triumph to her hotel. "Lakme," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Tales of Hoffman," and several other novelties will be sung, in addition to the regular operas. All this makes agreeable reading to the friends of that most agreeable country. Some of the dispatches from Mexico have made Mr. MADERO's admirers a trifle dubious. When he turned a fire hose on one of the newspaper offices there seemed reason to shiver for freedom of the press. Yet it is true that literal freedom of the press is a much harder thing to achieve in a Spanish-American country than outsiders realize. Mr. MADERO came in as an idealist, the revolution stood for progress and the right thing, and in spite of DON PANCHITO's personal failings, it would be a misfortune that a government started in the spirit in which his was started should not have a fair chance to show what it was capable of.

#### CHEAPER MONEY FOR FARMERS

**T**HE BIG OBJECTION to farm mortgages as investments is that the buyer cannot check the value of the security in any thoroughly satisfactory way. He knows that the bond merchant with whom he deals often spends thousands investigating an industrial organization which wants to borrow a large sum of money on an issue of bonds—and then decides not to take the bonds. Expert accountants, engineers, and lawyers—the best men in the country in their lines—are sent to audit the concern's books, appraise its property, and examine into questions of title, leases, franchises, and other legal matters. Obviously, scattered farm-mortgage loans, seldom running as high as \$10,000, cannot stand the cost of any such investigation. But, taken generally, farm mortgages





are good, and they pay a rate of interest about 2 per cent higher than good bonds. On his side the farmer is overcharged for credit. One measure of relief suggested is an adaptation of the Landschaften Associations of Germany, which make loans to their farmer members at rates which vary from 3 to 4½ per cent, plus an annual charge for ultimate repayment of one-eighth of 1 per cent and one-tenth of 1 per cent to meet administration cost. In the United States similar associations of farmers can be organized which will guarantee the repayment of loans made to members. If 200 farmers, needing to borrow money and living fairly close together, should meet and work out some plain rules as to the amount and character of loans made, then the banker could safely recommend this form of security to investors. It would be discovered that A owns 120 acres of land in a fair state of cultivation, with a clear title. That farm has a market value of \$7,000. Let A borrow on it not more than \$3,000. Let him understand that the cost of the loan is just what the resident of a prosperous city (through the city's elected officials) has to pay for money to fix the streets, put in waterworks, or get better lights. Give him a long time in which to repay the loan, requiring a small payment on the principal at each interest date. Impress upon him that money ought not to be borrowed unless it can be used to increase the value and the productive capacity of the farm—permanently. These details would be looked after by the association. Every six months the association would find out how much money was needed to meet all legitimate demands for loans to members. Then bonds to that amount would be issued and sent to the banker. Promptly the banker would buy the issue and begin to sell them to investors. No form of security is intrinsically sounder than farm lands. As farming methods are bettered in this country this security will become sounder. There is no logical reason why a Pennsylvania farmer should pay 5½ per cent for money when the citizens of Lancaster or Pittsburgh or Philadelphia can borrow money for 3.95 per cent. Nor for the farmer of Kansas to pay 8 per cent when Topeka school district bonds are selling on a 4 per cent basis. All that is needed is the organization of farm borrowers into some responsible body.

#### ANOTHER SUPERSTITION EXPLODED

WITH EACH SUCCEEDING YEAR of development more of the hasty generalizations concerning woman's unfitness for a life of affairs are relegated to the pleasant land of myths. One of the last is that of woman's inability to see with sane and unexaggerated feelings a public issue for which her enthusiasm is very much aroused. Many still expect a movement supported almost entirely by women to be conducted with hysteria. The Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association has just sent out a circular letter to its members and others whose financial assistance it wishes to enlist. The letter reads:

A country, a people, must progress if it is to continue strong. We believe that woman's suffrage is part of the progressive movement toward a more efficient and real democracy.

We believe that *tax-paying women* need the vote to protect their financial interests.

We believe that *mothers and home makers* need the vote to enable them to secure legislation concerning sanitary conditions, food supply, educational and moral conditions.

We believe that *working women* need the vote to give them power to effect legislation determining the conditions and hours of their work.

We believe that *all women* need the vote because it is the accepted method of individual self-expression in matters concerning all.

We believe that the State needs to utilize directly the knowledge and experience of women in those matters of social welfare in which they are especially interested, just as it needs to utilize directly the knowledge and experience of men in those matters in which they are especially interested.

We believe that a representative government should represent all classes of a community which cannot be definitely shown to be a menace to the community.

That is all, except a few simple details concerning the sending of remittances. How many man-managed organizations have surpassed this for sanity, clarity, restraint, and completeness in the statement of a complex and difficult issue?

#### HORRIBLE

THE CONSERVATIVE we have always with us, and many is the rash step and unnecessary bit of recklessness from which he probably saves us, bless his heart! His habit of mixing hopelessly the essentials of human conduct and their most trivial concomitants is a trait which he shares with all humanity. It is a cause for genuine thankfulness that when he hurls the thunders of his well-meant wrath against some trifling change in dress or manners, the full absurdity of his position is not patent until the dear soul is long since dead and gone. Sixty-five years ago a book was published bearing the title: "Beard-Shaving and the Common Use of the Razor: An Unnatural, Irrational, Unmanly, Ungodly, and Fatal Fashion Among Christians!" It was put out with all the seriousness and conviction of a modern diatribe on divided skirts.

We wonder how many of the discussions, editorial and otherwise, concerning our manners and costumes, particularly those of our women folk, will sound to our grandchildren as ludicrous as this!

#### VOX POPULI

THE REFERENDUM held by Kansas City street railways last month, to discover whether passengers approved or disapproved of permitting smoking on the cars, had an odd conclusion. Without waiting to find out what the riding public thought about the matter, the Mayor signed an ordinance which made smoking lawful. The company had arranged that the voting should last for a week—a ballot with every fare. The conductors' orders were that if anyone should attempt to smoke in the meanwhile the proper procedure was to pull the bell rope and not start the car again until the fire was out. A million and a half votes were cast, and "no" had a majority of three hundred thousand. After the discovery that sentiment opposed the new ordinance, the Upper House voted to repeal the law, only one voice lacking to make the ballot unanimous. The Lower House, however, stood by the smokers, eight to six, and the street railways had to resign to the will of the Aldermen. But here comes a most interesting example of the compelling force of public opinion. Though the city law permits smoking, deference to a sentiment that favors better manners has become an unwritten law that forbids it; so that no city that permits smoking on the street cars sees as little of it nowadays as Kansas City.

#### WALKING

THE REPUTATION of walking for pleasure, like the reputation of great poetry, is maintained not by the acquiescence of the many but by the fervent enthusiasm of the few. Cross-country walking, wandering without ulterior motive over an unfamiliar landscape, is enlisting in the service of high romance the commonest physical exercise known to humanity, as poetry is but the sublimation of our common speech. Walking is the cheapest and the simplest of all pastimes, and the most fraught with possibilities of joy. No one can know in full the picturesque resources of a countryside, nor its intimate personality, nor the heart of the humanity that inhabits it until he has tramped through it. To a mind and eye accustomed to more rapid modes of transit, walking magnifies by its necessary slowness the imaginative resources of each mile of countryside as a microscope reveals a simple unit like a maple leaf to be a complex community of a million cells. More, perhaps, for is not walking man's age-old and elemental relation to time and space? Most people do not like to walk because they go at it too casually, without sufficient attention to practical details. No one would dream of playing tennis in Cuban heels or baseball with eyes unprotected from the glaring sun. And many seem to think that the byways and obscure corners of our cities, and the hedges and tangled roadways of the outskirts of our small towns, are fraught with less mystery and diversion than a mountain trail. Given the mind alive to see all that the eye sees, and half the attention to detail of equipment that we put on competitive games, and walking becomes a form of recreation open to everyone, combining the physical exhilaration and benefit of tennis or baseball with the imaginative stimulus that comes from intimate contact with nature and humanity, adventure and romance.

#### AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

THE FEET, more than almost any other part of the human frame, determine vacation pleasure. The comfort of the foot depends in large measure upon the shoes worn. Not long ago all out-of-door shoes were divided into two broad classes: summer shoes and winter shoes. Now there are almost as many kinds of shoes as kinds of activity. There are low shoes and shoes with all heights of uppers. There are shoes of many hues, short and long, and tight and loose. Footwear has been designed especially for the walker and for the man who is to take his vacation in the woods, the weight ranging from the heaviest leather to the moccasin. There are special shoes for baseball, for tennis, and a large number of varieties for golf; the fisherman is not neglected. Kinds of leather are various, and rubber is craftily combined with the leather, as are special devices of metal. Children have their distinctive models. So has the man with the abnormal foot. In short, if the man starts on his vacation unsuitably shod it can be counted no one's fault but his own.

#### DO YOU AGREE?

WOMEN take the world seriously and themselves lightly; men take the world lightly and themselves seriously. If it is true that an essential quality of the artist is the power of emotional detachment from the work in hand, perhaps this is one reason why most men make an art of things and affairs, and most women an art of love.



**The Wreck of the Lackawanna Limited**

*Forty-one persons were killed in the wreck of the Buffalo Limited of the Lackawanna Railroad at Gibson's Narrows near Corning, New York, on July 4. The train contained many people bound for Niagara Falls for a holiday outing. The engine of the United States Express running at 65 miles an hour telescoped the Limited. Most of the persons killed were in the wooden rear coach. The railroad company placed the blame upon the engineer, claiming that he disregarded block signals. The night was foggy.*



**Freak Clouds Which Presaged a Tornado**

*This unusual photograph was taken at Bartlesville, Oklahoma, June 15. The cyclone (in reality a tornado), of which the clouds gave warning, destroyed the town of Nelagoney twenty miles away. Seven distinct cyclones were observed at Nelagoney.*



**Unveiling the Champlain Memorial**

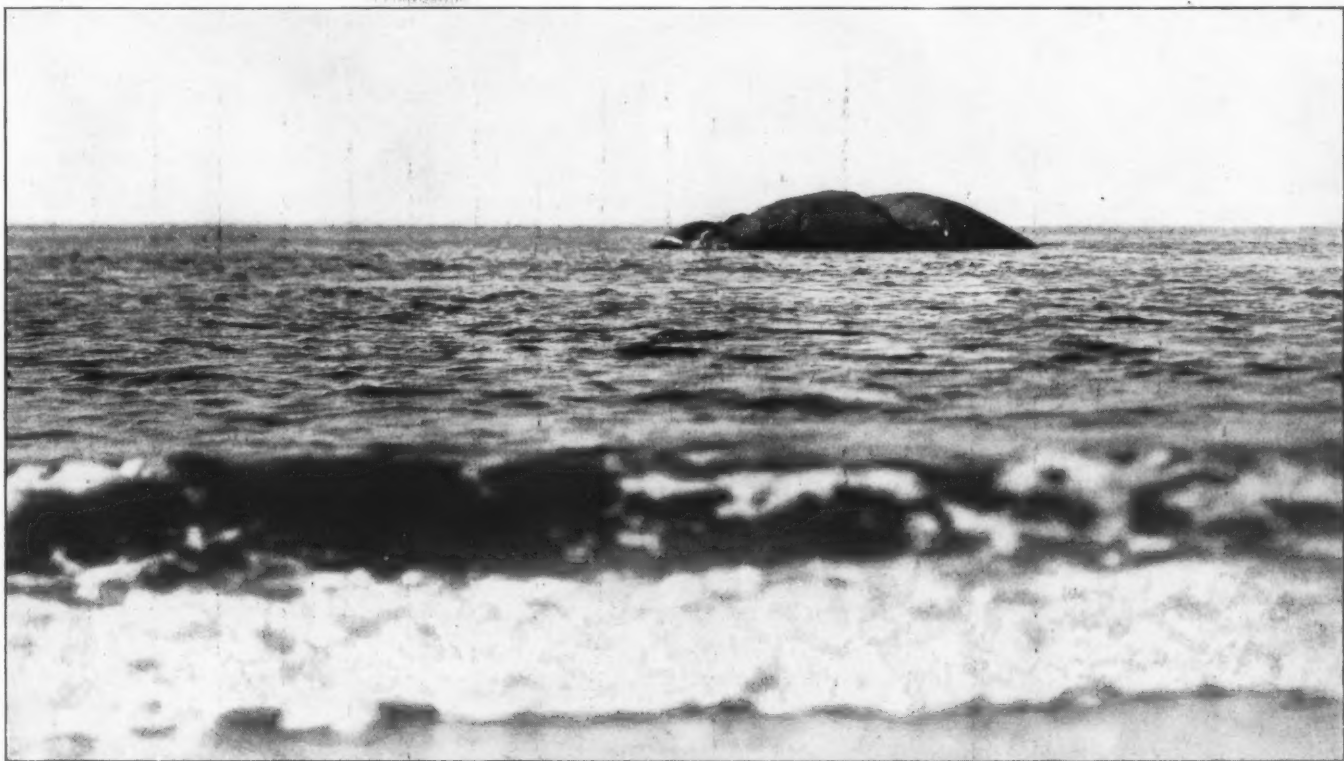
*The Plattsburg Memorial to Samuel de Champlain, discoverer of the lake which bears his name, was unveiled July 6 in connection with the ceremonies dedicating Memorial Lighthouse. The monument was erected by the New York State Commission.*





**A Suffragette Outbreak Before English Royalty**

*While the King and Queen of England were beginning a tour of inspection of the ancient Cathedral of Llandaff, June 25, a suffragette broke through a cordon of police and sprang at Home Secretary McKenna, Minister-in-attendance on the King. The woman was arrested and led away by two constables. The Queen was nearer to the scene than the King and witnessed the whole episode*



**After the Fall of the Dirigible Akron**

*The giant dirigible balloon constructed by Melvin Vaniman came to a tragic end on a test trip at Atlantic City on July 2. It is believed that the hot summer sun expanded the gas beyond the capacity of the great bag to contain it and that an explosion occurred. The wreckage fell 1,500 feet into the water and all five of the crew were killed. The wives of four of the victims witnessed the catastrophe*



The three-year-olds pick apart forget-me-not petals with which the others make hat wreaths. They are paid 15 cents for a dozen wreaths

EVERY morning Concetta comes running down the dim stairway in the high, narrow tenement house where she lives, calling, "Nicolena! Nicolena!" Every morning Nicolena bursts out of the door of the left second floor rear, crying, "Concetta! Concetta!" Hand in hand the two little girls go scurrying along Mulberry Street chattering a sweet, low jabber; one in a faded purple plush dress, the other with a red crocheted shawl over her head. A block away you'd know them—Italy's children.

They hurry down the street, gray-paved, high-walled with red brick tenements, yet gay with low-lying blotches of color, market shelves that are beds of green salads, venders' carts piled high with yellow oranges, boxes of great red apples. The little girls scramble round the shoppers: faded women, shawled in green and red, suspiciously counting potatoes to the quart; young women in American coats marketing anxiously, babies in arms, babies dangling to skirts; old women, wrinkled and red-cheeked, like hardy winter apples in the spring.

The little girls piously cross themselves as they pass a doorway draped in purple and gold where death holds court. They glance sidewise with shy giggles at the kindly "cop" on the school crossing. His left hand stops a heavy-hoofed dray horse, while his right hand waves children to safety with a good-natured "Watch yourselves, kiddies!" On they go down Mulberry Street, two big-eyed, quick-motioned little girls; on with hop, skip, and jump; on to the great stone factory after their bundles of home work.

They come back up Mulberry Street, slowly, burdened, staggering, resting against each fire hydrant. The kindly "cop" takes them pityingly across the street, his big, sheltering hands touching their bent shoulders. Nicolena carries twenty-five pounds of cracked pecan nuts in a burlap bag; Concetta has thirty-five pounds—a heavy weight for eleven years.

Tessie, a neighbor two years older, used to go with them each morning, but one Saturday she brought home seventy-five pounds, balanced on her head as her Calabrian grandmother taught her. The weight made her very sick in the back of her neck—so sick that her mother would have no more nuts after that. She said that, anyway, picking out nut meats was such dirty work that she was afraid it would give them all consumption. When she said this to Concetta's mother, Concetta's mother sighed and said:

"What can we do? We have to get work even if we have to get sick!"

#### THE CLEAN AND THE UNCLEAN

CONCETTA'S mother dovetails choring with home work. She leaves home at five every morning to reach at five-thirty a building a long way off. Father goes to his work later. Concetta goes for the nuts. Little Michael tends the baby. Mother, breathless, gets home about school time to take the baby, prepare the dinner, and pick out nut meats.

Every night Concetta runs directly home from school, never stopping for hopscotch chalked in green and blue on the flagging, for mother must be back at her scrubbing in the big marble building. Michael must get the wood for to-morrow—laths from a torn-down house or a packing box inched painfully along the sidewalk. In the house there is the baby to hold and nuts to pick; always the nuts; more nuts; always more nuts.

Thirty-five pounds of cracked nuts must yield from seven to eight pounds of unbroken halves and one-half pound or so of broken meats. You must take back the broken meats, though you get no pay for them—4½ cents for each pound of unbroken halves. If everyone in the family works at the picking, you can earn 30 cents a day, sometimes \$2 a week. Concetta's mother will not pick on Sunday. She says Sunday is a holy day. She has to go to mass. Besides, when should she clean her house and the beds and the children's heads if not on Sunday?

Concetta's home is clean; a fresh frill on the man-

## Our Other

### Children Who Work When They Should Play

tel and clean gingham skirts round sink and washtubs. On the wall is a gaudy picture of the sacred, flaming heart of Jesus. In the small dark room opening off the kitchen is the huge family bed, piled high with feathers, very white, very clean.

Nicolena's home is different. It is dirty. Her mother has a sickness of the chest if she puts her hands in water. Then she can hardly talk.

Her voice comes from a long way off and has difficulty in coming at all. Fortunately you do not need to put your hands in water to pick nuts.

After supper Concetta's family gathers about the table where mother has spread the nuts on a coarse, white sheet. The children's hands are like monkey's hands, so small, skinny, quick, with thin fingers, black at the ends. When a nut is not cracked enough, Concetta crushes it cleverly between strong, little, white teeth. All young nut pickers know this squirrel trick.

If a neighbor comes in to call, she sits by the table and picks too, for the poor must help each other or God will not help them. At Salvatore's even the sick grandmother sits up in bed to pick. (The manager of the big nut factory for which they work says his product goes mostly into "health food.")

#### TURNING HOMES INTO FACTORIES

SOME manufacturers do all their work within their own factories, in fairly clean rooms inspected by State officials. Other manufacturers send out into surrounding homes simple work like picking out nut meats, felling linings, embroidering blouses, crocheting collars. These men save rent, heat, light, and perhaps motor power. Some of them also save by paying the women and children outworkers a lower rate than they pay inworkers to do the same work. The manufacturers who have their work done inside the factory say that this money apparently saved on outworkers is not really saved because the work is done irregularly, wastefully, and clumsily.

Few shoppers know how much merchandise passes through homes that may or may not be clean, may or may not be free from contagious disease. They think that only cheap goods are made in tenement houses

probably home work. If she bought her lingerie ready-made, it was very likely embroidered or sewed and ribboned by wretched underpaid women in their own homes. If she made it herself, she used embroidery edging which was cut out by children. Very likely she used buttons sewed to their card by children, needles pasted by children, and a strawberry emery stuffed by children. Her handkerchief, hand bag, the floating willow plumes making spaniels' ears on her hat, the passementerie, the artificial flowers, may be home work.

#### THE ONLY SOLUTION

AMAN wears fewer articles of clothing, but he, too, is involved. Neckties, satin garters, and gloves are sometimes made in tenements. The price he pays for his suit, ready-made or custom made, is no guarantee that it has not been played round, crawled over, slept under by unwashed babies, while their mother busily felled the lining and sewed the buttons.

The National Child Labor Committee, organized to do away with child labor in factories, sweatshops, coal breakers, coal mines, cotton mills, and glass factories, says that we must abolish home work.

"We are turning our homes into factories. It is bad for our children," says the committee.

The headquarters of the committee is in New York City, and in that city their investigators recently visited over a thousand home workers—51.4 per cent of the artificial flower workers were children under fourteen; 58.8 per cent of the nut pickers were under fourteen. These children, whom the law does not allow to toil on flowers or nuts in factories, are taking the same work home to do their pennies' worth of labor on it before school in the morning, after school at night, and to stay home from school as often as they can dodge the truant officer.

The stories about Concetta, Nicolena, and the other little workers are taken from the committee's records. Names, addresses, and descriptions which might lead to identification I have carefully altered, while nationality, number in the family, ages of workers, relationship, kind of work, wage, piece-rate, hours, sickness, and contagious diseases I have recorded accurately.

Conditions are very similar in all manufacturing cities. New York State has a law limiting home work on certain listed articles to some thirteen thousand tenements which come up to a mild sanitary standard. The law is clumsy, backhanded, and unenforceable. The only way to abolish child labor, safeguard public health, and protect wages from the downward pull of home workers is by passing State laws forbidding manufacturers sending any work out of their factories into dwelling places.

The investigator I like best to talk with is a slender, tall woman whose fair hair is always a bit disordered, whose eyes are happy and sad at the same minute. As she goes along Mulberry Bend wee things totter toward her vaguely holding out caressing hands and sweetly muttering: "Teacher, teacher!" She seems to love dirty children better than clean ones; sick children better than well ones. When she talks to an Italian mother in a funny Italian vocabulary with a best-families-of-the-south accent, the mother's face twinkles into laughter wrinkles, and she pats the guest on both cheeks and calls her "Sympatica"—she who understands.

Sympatica tells me that a large part of the home work is done by Italian families, some by Jewish families, some by German, and a little by American. She says it is true that if home work were abolished, some privation would follow, as privation always follows an industrial change, but that the transient suffering would be far outweighed by the permanent good.

#### HOME LABOR INSTEAD OF SCHOOL

WHEN I asked her if home work really interfered very much with school work, she said that a teacher's record book almost always shows a row of black absence crosses after a little home worker's name. She said that she herself constantly found little workers at home during school hours. She laughed at a sudden memory.

"Yesterday I heard children's voices in the apartment I was about to visit," she said. "So after I had rapped



The mother fainted when this picture was taken. She had had nothing to eat that day. She gets 3 1-2 cents for finishing a pair of "pants"

at starvation wages. This is not true. Dainty embroidered babies' frocks, orange blossom rosettes for the bride's slippers, delicately stenciled scarfs are given out by contractors to home workers. Over seventy-five different articles in process of manufacture are found in the New York tenements. Even manufacturers who, recognizing the growing fear of the system, advertise all goods made in sanitary factories do not always live up to their promise.

Suppose a lady is dressing for a reception. Her "hygienic" hairbrush may have been made in a tenement. Also her "coronation braid" and her "fringe." There is a slight possibility that her toothbrush was made there too. The ribbon ornament twined in her hair, the black crocheted buckle, or flat bow or glittering beadwork on her slippers and her garters, were



# Children

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

ceremoniously on the door, I unceremoniously opened it. The air was filled with flying artificial flower petals—a pink snow flurry, a rose garden in a wind storm—but the room was empty, except for six frightened little feet disappearing under the bed. They thought I was the truant officer!"

## WHEN THEY DO GO TO SCHOOL

THE laughter went out of her eyes as she said sadly:

"I find many children whose school life is so broken that they never learn to read and write; some who cannot speak English after being months, even years, in this country. Only a few days ago I stumbled upon such a family. They are willow-plume makers. At the kitchen table sat the mother, dark-eyed, gentle, so pretty in her gay yellow headkerchief, and with her two boys of ten and eleven, pale and weedy, like cellar-grown plants. At one side at a low table, in his own little chair, sat a boy of eight at work on a lovely floating plume. The mother, working alone, made 50 cents a day. All four working together made 80 cents. They were helping the father pay back the immigration money. Two blocks away we carry on a huge costly school for them. They stayed at home to earn 10 cents a day.

"It's almost as bad as if they do stop work long enough to go to school," said *Sympatica* despondently.



This twelve-year-old works from the time school is out till nine o'clock. She will get 50 cents for the Irish lace collar she is making

"There was Lucia. The teacher was so puzzled about Lucia. She was the brightest little thing in games and marching, a very kitten of a child so long as she ran and played. But put her in a class and off to sleep she'd go with her cheek on her book. The school nurse thought this sleepiness might come from underfeeding. No, Lucia wasn't hungry. The school doctor thought it might be her eyes. No, Lucia's eyes were as perfect as they were big and brown. In despair of her ever learning to read, they put her into a special class under a highly specialized teacher. This teacher discovered that Lucia's trouble was—buttons.

"Every morning she was tumbled out of bed at five o'clock to sew buttons on the 'pants' her mother finished. At noon she sewed. In the afternoon the kitten trotted straight home without stopping for one game of 'This's the way the subway goes, subway goes,' to sew on more buttons and more buttons and oh, Santa Maria! more buttons, till she tumbled off her chair so tight asleep she couldn't be waked. Meantime frugal father put his wages in the bank. Much good the public school did Lucia, though there wasn't an absence mark against her name.

## THE LITTLE REBEL

"THE mothers do not know they are harming their children," *Sympatica* assured me hastily, for she loves the mothers next best to the children. "They are proud of what the children accomplish. I can see now one wisp of a child hunched on the edge of a chair, heels on the highest rung, face close to her work, pushing a squeaky needle in and out. Her mother regarded her as a father regards his eldest son made junior partner. 'She embroiders the stems on ladies' waists while I embroider the leaves and flowers,' she told me proudly.

"They are not all so patient." *Sympatica's* eyes were so merry that I understood why she is also called *Sempre Contenta Donna*—the ever-happy lady. "Ten-year-old Pappina would not, just would not, work on dolls' clothes because she wanted to read her 'library.' Her mother stitched dolls' rompers on the machine, letting them drip from under the needle in a long string, all wrong side out. When naughty Pappina was forced to cut them apart, she cut the cloth! When she was forced to turn them right side out she ripped the seams! Scowling, sulking, wicked Pappina, condemning dolls to everlasting fire! Pappina's mother was in despair till the lady across the hall gave her corset covers. To-day Pappina sews three buttons on an endless succession of corset covers and ribbons each. The lady across the hall pays Pappina's mother 4 cents a dozen. She herself gets 6 cents from the factory. Pappina gets nothing. Unhappy little Pappina, submissive to corset covers!"

## SICKNESS IN THE HOME FACTORY

CHILD workers are a sickly lot. It is unfair to blame this entirely upon the hours they spend indoors bending over nuts and dolls' clothes and feathers and flowers. Bad air, poor food, insufficient clothing, the crowded, nervous city life—all are responsible. We find more or less contagious disease in these dwelling-house factories. A mother stops work on a woolen cap she is crocheting to tend to her baby.

"Yes, he has sore face," she admits to *Sympatica*, "but he will be well soon. His brother was the same last month."

But *Sympatica's* horrified eyes recognized *impetigo*, a contagious skin disease which spreads like wildfire in the tenements.

A woman makes dolls' clothes in a house so saturated with tuberculosis that the Board of Health tears off the wall paper of the sleeping room. Other dolls' clothes are being made by a pitiful deserted wife just recovering from a disease so dread that we do not speak its name.

"When did you get over scarlet fever, honey?" *Sympatica* asks a wee plumer.

"How'd ju know? I'm all well now. No one knew at all!" replies the wee one, industriously fastening slivers of peeling skin from her fingers into the weaver's knots of her feather.

Some physicians say that astonishingly little disease is disseminated in this way—considering the chances! Maybe! But the dolls' clothes, the Teddy bears, the woolen caps get no sanitary bath before they enter our nurseries. The sick child in Mulberry Bend is very near our own children hundreds of miles away.

## HOW WE MAKE INVALIDS

WHEN the sickness is not contagious the injury to the public is not so obvious, but injury there is. The ignorant parent does not understand the harm work may do tender, growing bodies. He says:

"I was working already when I was the like of that one."

We who understand must act as parents to the endangered child. We know that flying feather flue is bad for children's lungs, that running a sewing machine injures plastic bones, bending over flowers crooks the spine, poking hairbrush bristles in pinholes dims the eyesight.

Every factor which debilitates children takes away from their future efficiency. They will need strong lungs, strong backs, strong eyes to do their grown-up work. If we do not protect them from injury now, later on we'll have to support them by charity, in hospitals, asylums, perhaps in jails and prisons.

The Owens, an American family, who paste packages of needles onto cards, are an example of this kind of sickness. At least one of the Owens is always sick. A white rag is tied around some one's sore throat or swollen jaw or cut finger. Bottles of medicine stand continuously on the mantel and boxes of pills on the table.

The house has the gloom which comes of constant illness. The walls seem to have soaked up past suffering to give it out again.

This continual sickness is the result of underfeeding, under-clothing, and worry. Dora, Jack, Edith, Dick, and Charlie have miserable bodies that put up no sort of a fight against malignant germs.

The weekly income is the \$7 to \$10 father brings home when he isn't drinking, the \$3.50 Dora earns in



The manager of the factory to which these pecan meats go back says they are used chiefly for health foods

a factory when she isn't sick, and the money the whole family earns pasting needles.

Can't you see them sitting around the table at their pasting any evening last winter? The room is cold. The air is close. The kerosene lamp smells. Mother has a pillow at her back—she is just getting over a bad fall; the doctor says she is tubercular too. Dora has a wet towel tied around her aching head. Jack snivels with a wretched cold. Edith has a cough—the teacher gives her medicine at school. Little Dick is nursing his second abscess in two weeks—the doctor can't vaccinate him—his blood is so poor. Baby Charlie is whimpering—his mother says he has "poisoned stomach."

One evening fifteen-year-old Jack—he of the continuous snivel—started at nine o'clock to paste a thousand cards and earn 30 cents all for himself. He finished at one o'clock that night, and thought by accurate figuring the extra oil burned and a part of the car fare should have come out of the 30 cents, yet he was given it all for his own. With the money he had earned while others slept, he bought a second-hand pair of shoes.

## THE DOLLS' DRESSMAKING TRADE

WHEN a trade is new the first workers are paid fairly well, but within a few months the competing child workers have pulled down the price. At first willow plumers received 15 cents an inch; now they get 3 cents. At the beginning of the present season a ribbon-flower maker could earn about 9 cents an hour, but by fall she will be lucky to earn 4 cents an hour. This quick drop in piece rates is shown clearly in two trades hardly known outside of manufacturing circles, yet already low paid—dolls' clothing and Irish crochet lace.

We think of dolls' dressmaking as a quaint trade practiced by a little cripple girl in Dickens's pages. Since the day of Jenny Wren the trade has become a very different matter. Some ten years ago, when Big Sister was the baby of the family, her Christmas doll was made in Germany, with eyes like cornflowers and hair the color of ripe corn silk; or, for a contrast, chocolate eyes and hair to match. To-day, when Big Sister has outgrown dolls and Little Sister is the family baby, she receives one perhaps made in Germany but dressed in an American tenement!

(Concluded on page 28)



The baby has the measles, while the mother is working on "pants"



Where John Burroughs Lives and Works and Dreams

# Ebb and Flow of Wild Life

By JOHN BURROUGHS

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA MACKAY

**N**O DOUBT there are tides in the affairs of our wild neighbors no less than in the affairs of men—vicissitudes of fortune that affect not merely individuals but whole tribes and races as well.

I noticed one recent season in widely different parts of the country that the goldfinches did not breed as freely as they usually do. Not one nest could I find in the orchards or bushy fields of the home farm where the season before I found half a dozen. What was the matter? The old birds were there and the thistles bloomed as usual, but no nests could be found, and only two young birds were seen or heard in August and September, where I used to see and hear scores of them. What caused this ebb in the tide of goldfinch life? Some other season may bring the flood, as it has in the case of our pretty little rodent, the chipmunk. For twenty years or more the chipmunks have been slowly disappearing from all parts of the country with which I am familiar, hardly one of late years where there used to be ten when I was a boy. But suddenly, two years ago, they began to be noticeable, and now they are here in something like their old-time numbers. I hear of them from different parts of the State. The result of migration I was at first inclined to think, till Mr. John Lewis Childs of Floral Park told me they had suddenly become very numerous on Long Island. This fact seems to exclude the idea of migration from some other part of the country. Some parasites, some plague—chipmunk smallpox, or cholera, or yellow fever—may have kept their numbers down for years, when suddenly the enemy vanishes, and the race recovers its lost ground.

## THE DESTROYERS OF THE DESTROYERS

**T**HESE vicissitudes, these ebbs and flows, probably run all through the life of nature about us and we observe them not. I know an ash tree by the roadside that year after year, early in the season, lost part of its foliage by some form of leaf blight. Surely, I thought, that tree is doomed. Then there came a season when the blight did not appear, and it has not appeared since. A few years ago the elm beetle threatened to destroy all our elms on the Hudson; then it met with a check and seems now to have gone out entirely. A species of forest worm denuded the sugar maples in a large section of Delaware County, and spread like fire from one wood to another, and grew more and more devastating; then a parasite, a species of ichneumon fly, took a hand in the game, and in one season the tide ebbed, and has never returned. A year or two later another species of forest worm appeared in the same section of the country and stripped the beeches; in midsummer the woods were full of white moths for two seasons; then something happened and

the worms have not returned. Occasionally a favorable combination of weather and seasonal conditions fills some parts of the country with a plague of grasshoppers, and the farmers tremble for their next season crops, but the next season may prove quite grasshopperless.

The tide in the affairs of some of our tree and fruit pests, such as the gypsy and brown-tailed moths and the San José scale, seems yet at its full, but no doubt the ebb will come before the case is hopeless.

Ebb and flow, ebb and flow, everywhere in the life of nature. When I lived upon the Potomac forty years ago, the black-throated bunting, or Dickcissel, was a common bird in the fields. Some years later these birds began to disappear slowly, and now that part of the country is said to be destitute of them, while they are common farther south in Kentucky and Tennessee. What caused the disappearance or migration of these birds, who knows? Of late years the prairie-horned lark has appeared upon my native hills in the Catskills, where, in my youth, they were never seen. Such game birds as the quail ebb and flow in New York and New England, according as the winters are mild or severe. Not many years ago a series of mild winters gave the quail a great lift in the Hudson River Valley where I live. The call of "Bob White" gave a new charm to the spring fields. Then came two or three very severe winters and the cheery call of the quail is heard in our fields no more. The same severe winters cut off the race of 'possums, which had multiplied in our country till they were as common as rabbits.

A few years ago there was a fearful ebb in the life of the ruffed grouse. All over the United States, from Maine to Minnesota, more than fifty per cent of the birds vanished in a single season. The cause of it has not yet been cleared up. Now the birds are slowly reappearing.

The natural balance of life in any field cannot long be disturbed. Though nature at times seems to permit excesses, yet she sooner or later corrects them and restores the balance. The life of the globe could never have attained its present development on any other plan. A certain peace and harmony have come out of the perpetual struggle and warfare of opposing tendencies and forces. The waters of the globe all tend to seek the same level, but this equilibrium is constantly broken by the solar forces, so that the currents flow perpetually. When one force pulls down, another builds up. The weasel is the most fierce and bloodthirsty of all our smaller mammals; mice and rats and squirrels and rabbits and birds vanish before him, yet he does not overrun our fields and woods; he is quite a rare beast; some unknown enemy or condition keeps him in check. The defenseless rabbit, upon which so many creatures

prey, easily holds its own because it is so very prolific. It also has another advantage, it can and does sleep with its eyes open. The flying squirrel would seem to have a great advantage over the chipmunk, yet it is far less numerous in our woods; it pays for its wings in some way; it is probably less hardy and resourceful. Few animals will molest the skunk, yet the world is not filled with skunks; where they are found side by side, the woodchuck, which has many more natural enemies, is far more abundant, not because it is more prolific, which does not seem to be the case, but because, among other things, its food supply is simpler and more universal. The limitation of the natural food supply is, of course, the great factor in the limitation of animal life everywhere. If our spring is late and cold, the robins nest later and have smaller broods than during a warm, early spring. The gray squirrel is far less numerous than the red, because, as I think, he is far less resourceful. He is not the same miscellaneous feeder, and hence is much more restricted in his range. The red squirrel, when hard put, will come to your very door and chip up green apples and pears for the meager supply of seed in them.

In May and June, when other supplies fail, he helps himself out with birds' eggs and with young birds, and in the colder seasons he raids the granaries of the wild mice and the dens of the chipmunks. He is a hustler and a freebooter at all times. His natural enemies are black snakes, weasels, hawks, owls, and cats, and yet his tribe seems to be increasing.

## MAN THE DISTURBER

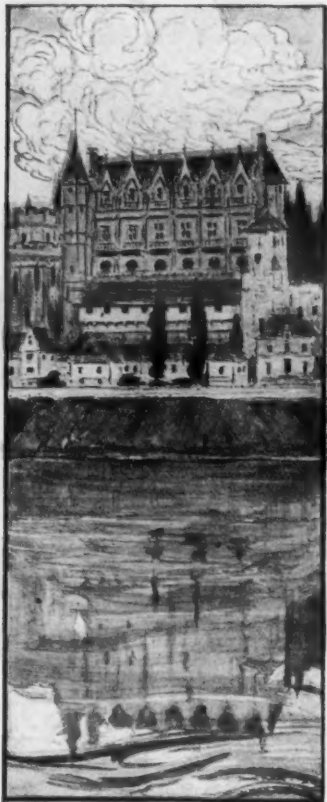
**M**AN, of course, disturbs the balance of nature wherever he goes. Some forms of life disappear before him, while others thrive and increase in his footsteps. He adds greatly to the food supply of some species, while he cuts off that of others. Most of the field animals partake of his bounty, but the forest animals vanish before him. That any species has actually become extinct through his instrumentality, unless it be that of the passenger pigeon, may well be doubted, though he undoubtedly hastened the extinction of the great auk, and, maybe, the Labrador duck. The buffalo would have become extinct under his ruthless slaughter, had he not stayed his hand in time. Whole tribes and races of animals, some of them fearfully and wonderfully made, became extinct in geologic time, long before man could have played any part in hastening their doom. A change in their environment through slow crustal movements of the earth, or through change of climate that affected their food supply, probably rendered them "unfit" to survive.





## The Game Is On

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



Amboise

both), and now presided over by a guide and used as a kiosk for the sale of postal cards. Admission, one franc; tips extra. Open to the public when the concierge feels like it.

THREE of us agreed upon this definition as the result of a gyroscopic whirl through the château region in a motor car. In intent our little jaunt, of which the short and simple annals follow, was a sight-seeing expedition, from which we confidently expected to derive a profound and intimate knowledge, historical, archeological, and architectural, of a locality thickly besmeared with guidebook enthusiasm. It turned out somewhat otherwise, however, developing into an essentially charitable, philanthropic, and largesse-scattering excursion; a sort of early-season rescue party for the benefit of some scores of guides, their families, friends, and households, their heirs, descendants, and assigns forever.

The three were the Banker, the Banker's wife (they have a château of their own in central New York, which they insist on calling a farmhouse), and the writer. Mrs. Banker was the head of the party, because she is of French descent and speaks the tongue so perfectly that even a Frenchman can understand her. I also can speak French—but that's as far as it goes. As for Mr. Banker, he makes gestures and low, threatening noises, and then demands to know, in pained protest, "why these imbeciles can't comprehend their own language."

"Let's begin," said the Bankeress, "on Chambord."

AS SHE had a Baedeker in her hand when she said it, we didn't ask her why. It appears that Chambord is the château that people usually begin on. Experts consider it good practice. It is a sort of an initiation. If you like Chambord, fate cannot harm you in the château country, though as a precaution it might be well to have your mind examined afterward. We turned a corner on two wheels, and there it was. Setting aside the subtler architectural technicalities, which may be had in a number of high-priced travel books, Chambord, at first sight, looks like a sketch of the Wampanoag County Refuge for the Feeble-Minded, as drafted by the oldest living inmate.

It is protected (from an outraged populace) by a frontal moat, in which sensitive-minded visitors sometimes try to drown themselves. As one approaches the entrance, the most noticeable feature of the building is a nickel-in-the-slot machine, in perfect repair, which is the official guardian of the gate. After you've dropped in your franc piece and seen a printed ticket flutter down into the receptacle (fancy passing back into the Middle Ages via a slot!), you step inside into the grasp of a guide, who proceeds to destroy what remnants of romance may have been preserved to your soul. That guide stands forth in my memory clear and

# Ingenuous Impressions

Being the Kinematographic Record of a Cheery but Misguided Trip to the Château Country

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY MR. AND MRS. PRESTON

CHATEAU — A large, beautiful, inconvenient building in the middle of France, originally designed for occupancy either by gentlemen of royal lineage and uncertain habits or ladies of royal habits and uncertain lineage (or

poignant as the first of a succession of incubuses. He was a tottering, mossy ruin of about 1520, at a guess, with a cracked, clacking, emotionless voice, who herded us in front of him like helpless sheep, up and down spiral staircases, through meaningless passages and hallways, into turrets which resembled nothing so much as the topmost ornamentation of a rented wedding cake, and finally into an alleged museum of historical antiquities, where—with the first approach to animation that he had exhibited—he tried to sell us ten centimes' worth of post cards for three francs; also a dull pink imitation sea shell containing a model of the building, a few moral reflections in verse, and a statuette of Marie de Médicis done in chewing gum. He didn't succeed.

For the behoof of such as pant for improving information, I may state that Chambord is the largest as well as the worst of the châteaux. It comprises four hundred and sixty something rooms and one bath. The bath is in the moat. It is not compulsory and never has been. Further details about this remarkable edifice I suppress, feeling that I cannot do better than quote, from the Banker's notebook on the trip, the following example of succinct and complete poetic justice:

Chambord,  
Dambord!

Blois, our next port of call, is more kinds of a château than any three or four others on the list. A great many people had a hand in making Blois what it is, and the way it got into its present painful condition is about as follows: The kings and queens and dukes would be sitting around the courtyard some dull sixteenth century day, yawning themselves to death and debating the question of what to do about it.

"Let's go fishing," some one would suggest in a hopeless voice.

"Oh, the Loire is all fished out."

thing but little ones any more. Besides, it's coming on to rain."

"I'll tell you," pipes up some one, "why not build a new wing on the château?"

"Great! We'll throw dice to see who'll draw the plans."

That's why

Blois has about as much architectural design as a portion of scrambled eggs. The redeeming feature is the lovely tower of Francis I, with its open staircase rising in a spiral of delicate traceries. From this stand forth the three full-length statues for which Diane de Poitiers is supposed to have been the model: Youth, Friendship, and Art; and above them the three gargoyles: Keep Off The Grass, Closed For Repairs, and Post No Bills. (Baedeker doesn't give the names, but you can tell by the forbidding expressions.) At the foot of the spiral staircase we were beset by an ancient female guide with a gift of spiral speech which rose in successive curves and paused at the top only to drop and begin all over again, just as hope was beginning to spring eternal in the human breast.

While she was leading us, hypnotized, the Banker chanced to peep into a casual-looking slit in the wall and found himself peering down through dim depths upon a glimmer of light. He stopped the elocution of the guide by dint of inserting a fifty-centime piece in the machinery and asked about his discovery.

"Oh, ça ne fait rien," shrugged the crone.

"That doesn't make nothing, does it?" cried the Banker, whose French, when it works at all, works very literally. "Well, it makes something for me. What is it and how did it get there?"

"Un escalier," said she sulkily.

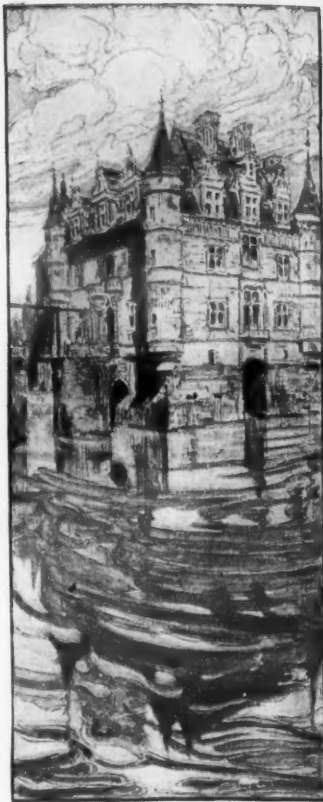
"Yes, I can see it's a stairway, but why is it built inside the wall?"

THUS pressed, the familiar spirit condescended to explain that the existence of the secret stairs had been forgotten until some workmen, making repairs ten years ago, had chanced upon it. It was built by Catherine de' Medici, and led, by a secret door, into the lower court. "But usually," she remarked disparagingly, "visitors didn't notice it, the opening was so small."

There is the apotheosis of the guide for you! She reeked with improving and undesired information about transitional roofs and reconstructed ceilings and imitation tapestries, of which the originals are now at the Louvre (or was it the Bon Marché?); but a little matter of Catherine de' Medici, fresh from her plottings and poisonings, tiptoeing down through the secret murk of three flights of stairs and five centuries of time, to prowling soft-footed and murder-eyed under her rivals' windows—ça ne fait rien!

"If," said the Banker, looking upon that guide with a baleful eye, "I could just lay my hand on one little phial of the late Kate's sure cure for homesickness, I'd invite this lady out to have a beer."

Chaumont we baddeked. (Baddek: verb, derived from proper noun Baedeker, and meaning to view an object hastily through the medium of a field glass and a guidebook.) Various authorities intimate that a really conscientious tourist ought not to miss Chaumont, but it didn't look very persuasive from our side of the river. Besides, it had a Mansard roof, and already we had



Chenonceaux



The banker makes gestures and low, threatening noises and then demands to know, in pained protest, "why these imbeciles can't comprehend their own language"

"Well, the deer are back in the birch woods."

"Everybody's sick to death of venison."

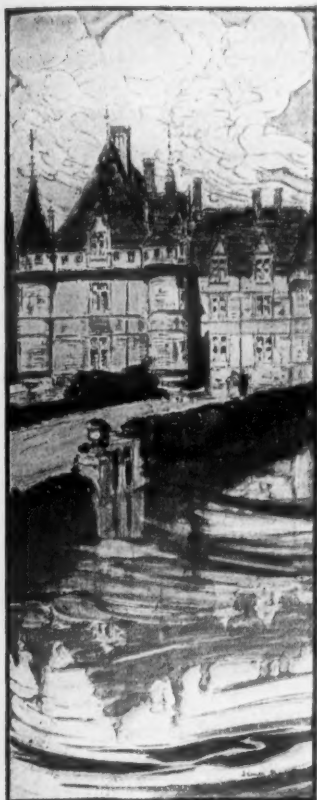
"What became of that new minstrel that was due here yesterday?"

"Stopped at Cheverny and they didn't like his voice, so they hanged him."

"What a bore! We might go Huguenot hunting."

"No good. They're so shy that one never gets any-





Azay-le-Rideau

figure is this, tattered and draggled, limping painfully, as one who has traveled grim distances? Whose the hard-bitten face, anxious, impudent, seared with bitter furies, furtive with quick fears, yet all alight with the ineffable radiance of song? Whose but that of Villon, the Vagabond; the singer who made life once more vocal after the centuries had been so long dumb! Surely the most romantic of all the starveling sons of Romance! See him, now, as he—

"Si Monsieur veut bien." It is the trebly accursed accent of the chateau's official guide.

"Si, Monsieur, veut bien voir—"

"Non!" (with emphasis). Monsieur does not wish well to see anything other than that which spreads before his mind's eye.

"Il y a, dans le coin de la—"

"Fiche-moi le camp!" (A potent and even violent phrase, meaning, "Out, damned spot!" or words to that effect.)

"Pardon, Monsieur, la tour à droite," and so on. You can stop a guide only by slaying him. So we were led, saddened but unprotesting, into the interior of the chateau, which is as dull as the exterior is inspiring. Personally I don't care for interiors anyway.

THERE'S something impertinent, if not almost indecent, about prying into the intimate details of other people's living and eating and sleeping, even if they did die hundreds of years ago. Moreover, you're liable, at any moment, to come innocently around a corner slam-bang into some old master's portrait of a famous beauty that will make you wish you'd been born blind. There was one such at Amboise, qualified to challenge the late lamented Mona Lisa for the international smirk-and-simper championship. Through a succession of these painful duties, the familiar spirit led us, then out to the gallery from which Catherine de' Medici watched (with one eye on the cowering little king and queen) the savagest slaughter in all the annals of France; and afterward to view the chapel of St. Hubert, famous socially as the inventor of the stag party; and the garden house where Charles VIII, entering the door on the run, hit his head on the arch and died. History fails to explain why he was in such a hurry. But I have my suspicions. A guide was after him. By the time ours had relinquished us, and I had returned to my view from the battlements, the wastrel singer of my fancy was vanished and the dull years had fallen like a curtain, shrouding road and river.

If Amboise is the most inspiring, Chenonceaux, the next on our route, is perhaps the most poetic of all the chateaux. And it does what few poets do, it makes poetry pay. The payment goes, I understand, to the present owners of the place, who occupy it part of the year. On arrival we paid an aged witch to push back a double railroad gate which barred our progress. Then we paid for admission tickets. Next we were accosted by a readily remunerable guide, who led us past an ancient tower defending the chateau proper (against dead-

heads, I suppose), from which a fat concierge emerged and got a remnant of our tattered fortunes. As we passed into the entrance I even noted a gargoyle over the doorway with a distinctly receptive expression. For the moment I've forgotten the name of the financial genius who owns Chenonceaux, but I've got a franc put aside in case I ever meet him.

However, it's worth it all, is Chenonceaux. It is a lyric in stone, set to the music of a singing river. The chateau crosses the stream in long, undulant strides, so that from any and every window one looks out on a vista of the land of Heart's Desire. The stately garden, the long, changeful reaches of the river—happily named the Cher—the coppices creeping to the banks, and the wide-spreading forests beyond, all blend and chord in one harmony. Besides, I saw a man catch a whopping big fish there off a buttress not less than four hundred years old!

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INSIDE I can't say so much for the place. But the guide could. She was young and lithe of tongue, and there was no small detail upon which she did not linger voluptuously. However, it seemed to touch her in a tender spot when Mrs. Banker demanded to know if there wasn't any kitchen. Cuisine, it appears, wasn't on her record, so the inquirer went outside to figure it out from there, leaving the Banker and me to be led on like lambs to the slaughter. The scene of the catastrophe was the small chapel, on the wall of which the guide pointed to a roughly graven legend.

"Mahreest Ou-warrh," she proudly stated, making signs like one writing.

"She means," inferred the Banker, "that this Mahreest person wrote that thing. Ever hear of any such?"

Summoning all my erudition, I recalled that certain prisoners of the Crusades had been lugged back to France about the chateau period. "Probably a Saracen," I suggested. "Sounds like it." Then to the guide: "Il était un Païen?"

"Mais non, mais non!" she cried lamentably. "Anglaise, Ahngleesh," and she beat upon the wall with her fist, like one in agony.

"Some of the words are English, sure enough," declared the Banker, after peering at them. "It seems to be a sort of Sunday-school motto. Ask her who Mahreest was."

"Ask her yourself," I retorted. "I seem to hurt her feelings when I talk French."

"Mahreest," began the Banker, "était-il—"

"Non, non, NON, NON!" she whooped in greater agony



At the foot of the spiral staircase we were beset by an ancient female guide with a gift of spiral speech

than before. "Il? pas d'il! Elle!! Mahreest Ou-warrh. Mahreest Ou-warr-rr-rr-rr-rr—"

Just as it seemed as if the fuse must be burnt out, and the explosion would come at any second, the Bankeress appeared in the doorway and saved us.

"Marie Stuart, of course," she interpreted scornfully, and she might just as well have added: "Idiots!" Her tone implied—nay, embodied it. So we went haughtily forth and left her to tip the guide. Man must preserve the dignity of the sex somehow.

Of Loches, the scene of our next visit, the most attractive feature is that you can, if you are determined enough, wander about the grounds unchaperoned by a guide. It is a lofty, straight-walled pile, brooding over a quaint little, old, nestling town full of the folklore kind of houses, and its chief architectural characteristic is a highly persistent form of mural decoration, reading: "This way to the Don-jon," in four languages. Of course there is a guide, but he's elective. You can take him or leave him. We left him—eight times, I think, and each time he toddled after and tackled us again.

His voice was wholly expressionless, his face absolutely hopeless, and he had long, discouraged mustaches, like tusks gone limp; but persistence was his virtue. At length the Banker, to whom this haunting apparition had particularly attached himself, turned to the Bankeress.

"Is this human walrus saying anything or merely indulging in self-communion on the mutability of human existence?"

"Mais non," droned the walrus. "I say there is ver' fine souvenir for sale chip. Ver' fine don-jon for see—"

"Hold on. You speak English. Now, tell me"—the Banker looked dreamily over the tremendous bastions to the shadow-flecked stones of the roadway far below—"how far is it down to that street?"

"Twenty-one meters, Monsieur. This wall ees builded by—"

"Never mind that. Say sixty feet. Quite enough, I should think." The Banker turned to me and flexed his arm muscles. "I suppose we might as well do it at once. He'll make rather a mess, but the street cleaning department can scrape him up afterward."

A gleam of intelligence appeared between the tusks.

"Is it," he inquired, reverting to French and appealing to the Bankeress, "that Monsieur does not require of my services?"

"Perfectly," responded the Bankeress with admirable gravity, and the walrus actually achieved a bow in passing.

Thus delivered, we wandered happily. We did not go into the Don-jon—they keep nothing but postal cards there nowadays—but we found quaint and sunlit corners in the vast walls, and a homely, livable little garden, all early blooms and pale, delicate leafage, with a useful background of leeks and crisp lettuce, and the voice of the walrus (who had caught some other tourists) murmured from afar in a soft undercurrent of sound.

BY AND BY we descended into the village, where at the tiny hotel we lunched off a stew which alone was worth the trip. It was largely leeks; beautiful, great, rich, tender, spicy leeks, but there was also a wide representation of cuisine in general, sublimated and blended into one rapturous whole, over which the essence of the leeks brooded like a benediction. In addition there was a salad from the bastion garden of Loches, and a cheese (from the fifteenth-century dungeon, I should judge), and a local wine, blushing softly pink, but by no means as unsophisticated as it looks.

Perhaps it helped to inspire the following impassioned but philologically hybrid dithyramb, which preserves the memory of the place in the Banker's notebook:

*The leeks of Loches! The leeks of Loches!  
They grow sans peur and sans reproche.  
They flower à droite, they flaunt à gauche,  
These are the grail the tourist seeks;  
Their perfume in my memory reeks;  
I'll taste them still for weeks and weeks,  
Those luscious, lingering, Lochian leeks!*

Nobody wrote any verses about Chinon. Chinon isn't the verse kind of thing. It is prose: rugged, splendid, powerful prose. Had the Milton of the Areopagitica been an architect, Chinon is the sort of building he would have built. It overbroods the surrounding country like some great, grim, harsh, safe guardian. Much of it is in ruins, yet it preserves in the midst of its defeat an aspect of eternal indestructibility. There in one corner stands the ancient Roman mill tower, where the outposts of Caesar's far-flung battle line ground their corn and looked out with



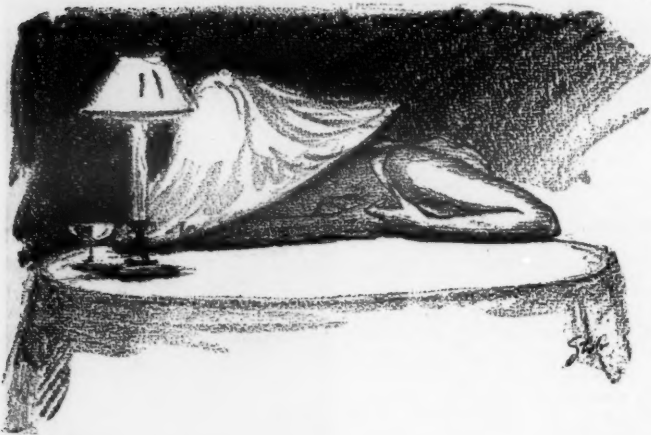
Chinon

# Whatsoever a Man Soweth

Another Lanagan Story—IV

By EDWARD H. HURLBUT

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



**S**AMPSON, city editor of the San Francisco "Enquirer," sat scowling over the "Times" and the "Herald." Stripped blackly across the front pages of those rival morning papers was the unaccustomed seven-column head:

**SUSPECT JAILED FOR MONTEAGLE MURDER!**

"Norton!"

It was Sampson's voice. When Sampson shot that curt call in his ugly voice through the swinging doors of his office I felt as though the warden was calling me from the condemned cell for the drop. Only the able-bodied newspaper man who has been trimmed hard by the men of the opposition papers can understand the sensation. It belongs in its exquisite misery solely to such as speak the language of the tribe. For the head in the "Enquirer"—my story—had been only a three-column:

**POLICE ARE BAFFLED IN MONTEAGLE MYSTERY!**

Sampson contemplated me coldly and long; he fairly brooded over me. But there was no outburst, and that, after all, hurt worse than if he had put me on the irons for a broiling.

Ralph Monteagle, broker, millionaire, well known, popular, and engaged to the equally well-known and popular Helen Dennison, had been found in his office on the fourth floor of the Sutton Building, stabbed to death. No weapon was found, the door was locked, the window shut. Neither money nor valuables were taken. The knife, curiously, had been sliced once across each cheek, evidently done after death with deliberate intent to mar the features. Monteagle had entered his offices at 9.15 o'clock on Monday evening. The watchman had discovered the crime at midnight. The system in the Sutton Building permitted an absolute check on all persons entering the building after 8 o'clock, when the outer doors were locked. Any person coming in after that hour was admitted by the watchman, Murray, who until 12 o'clock was stationed in the lobby. The night elevator man kept a record of each person entering the building and to which room he went. It was a building given over to brokers, capitalists, and large law firms, and several robberies of magnitude had brought about this particular system of keeping a check on all persons in the building after night.

**T**HE elevator man, on going off duty at midnight, turned his book over to the watchman, who thereupon made the rounds of each of the offices where there were still tenants or visitors. It was in this manner that the crime had been discovered after Murray had rapped repeatedly on Monteagle's door and had finally admitted himself with his master's key.

Only three other tenants had been in the building during the evening, and they were able to clear themselves of all suspicion. The police turned their attention to the attachés of the building. Suspicion fell on a janitor, Stromberg, who had the fourth and fifth floors. Apparently clinching proof of the police suspicions had been afforded when Stromberg's jumper, blood stained, was located at his laundry. It was in the arrest of Stromberg, which had taken place late the night before, that I had been "scooped" through my zealousness in leaving the detectives uncovered while I followed a lead that subsequently proved entirely wrong.

Stromberg claimed to have cut his hand with a scraper while cleaning the mosaic tiling, and had a deep gash on the ball of his thumb. The police theory was that he had gashed himself purposely, and in answer to his defense that it would have been an insane thing for him to have sent his jumper to the laundry if he had committed the crime, held to the theory that he had taken precisely that method, in combination with the self-imposed gash on his hand, to divert suspicion by seeming frankness.

With the commendable faculty of the American police

in usually working to fasten the crime upon whomsoever they may happen to have in custody, the officers were devoting their energies to "cinching" their case on Stromberg.

When Sampson had completed his disquieting survey of me, he finally said:

"I'm giving this story to Ransom and Dickson to handle to-day." I could see that he had it all figured out in his cold-blooded way; that nothing else was to be expected of me than to be scooped, and

that any remarks would be superfluous. But it ground me. "What I want you to do," he continued nastily, "is to find Lanagan. Possibly you can succeed in that at least. I wouldn't be sorry at that if some more of you fellows drank the brand of liquor Lanagan drinks once in a while. I might get a story out of the bunch of you occasionally. Instead, the 'Times' and the 'Herald' give it to us on the features of this story three days running—three days. It's the worst beating I've had in a year. You find Lanagan and tell him I want him to jump into the story independent of Ransom and Dickson. I would like to get the tail feathers out of this thing anyhow."

**RANSOM** and Dickson had no relish for the story, three days old.

"Might as well try to galvanize a corpse," grumbled Ransom. I turned over to them what matters I had that might bear watching, and was about to leave the office when the 'phone rang for me. Very fortunately, it was Lanagan; and I couldn't forbear a sort of gulp, because I felt instinctively that he had awakened up somewhere out of his ten days' lapse, with the knowledge that I was handling the Monteagle story and was getting badly beaten on it. I was right in that, too.

"Thought I would catch you before you left," he said. His voice was throaty, and I judged that he had been seeing some hard days and nights. "Suppose that

in his ringing me up just when he did; it was shortly after 1 o'clock, the hour when the local staff reported on, and he would be sure of finding me in.

**H**E SAT at a rear alcove table with "King" Monahan. "You know my friend the King, of course?" was his greeting. Monahan, one-time designated King of the Pickpockets, after serving two terms, had retired from the active practice of that profession to establish himself, it was generally believed, not only as a "fence," handling exclusively the precious stones, but also as a sort of local organizer, to whom any outside gang must report on before beginning operations in San Francisco. There is system in crime these days as in all things else.

"Kind of stuck it in and broke it off, didn't they?" he continued.

"I've stood one panning from Sampson; I don't want another from you," I retorted savagely.

"Norrie," he said, "you overlooked a very vital point. The King and I have been talking it over"—he had the three morning papers spread out before him—"and we have concluded that there was a woman in the case. And when two eminent criminologists, like Kid Monahan and Jack Lanagan, agree that there is a woman in a case, it at least is worthy of consideration."

"A moll, sure," vouchsafed Monahan in his diffident way. He had a manner as timorous as a girl, which possibly accounted for the success that he enjoyed while practicing his profession. He was not one, on the crowded platform of a trolley car, who would be immediately suspected when some proletarian raised a cry of sneak thief and sought in vain for a stick pin, watch, or wallet.

"Stromberg may or may not be guilty," said Lanagan, "but I don't think much of the case the police have made against him. It, at least, doesn't bar us from another line of speculation."

"Tell me, for instance, why, in the name of the Seven Suns, didn't some of you sleuths go off on the theory that whoever committed that crime got into the office earlier in the evening and remained concealed in the closet until Monteagle came in? It would have been the easiest thing in the world to have decoyed Monteagle to his office even if it wasn't known that he was working nights to make up for the lunches and bachelor dinners and afternoon teas that he's been going to on account of his coming marriage."

"And as for whoever committed the murder getting out, you have been on the scene of too many murders not to know the hysteria that comes over a bunch of yaps like that. It's a safe bet they all ran for a regular policeman, and that whoever was in that room—provided he was still there, or she—when the crime was discovered could have walked out of that building with a fair way as wide as Market Street."

"Murray ran for a policeman," I admitted, "and some of the janitors with him."

"That's what special cops usually do," was Lanagan's comment. "And it's a safe bet that those square-head janitors all ran with him. They didn't stay around those corridors alone after that crime was discovered until a regular copper came along. I've seen the thing happen and so has every police reporter in the business."

**L**ANAGAN paused, pushed back a half-drained suisses and called for a sweet soda—his curious habit when breaking off a "lapse."

"Whoever killed Monteagle," he continued, "was in that room when he entered—always assuming, of course, that it was not Stromberg."

"Now I have something additional, through the King and his invaluable sources of information on men and affairs. It is this: Monteagle is known to certain portions of the night life. He was a two-faced society blatherskite, with a broad streak of primal vulgarity, who drank tea in swaggy drawing-rooms with his fiancée and her friends in the afternoon and champagne with an entirely different social set after midnight. You know the kind. Was rather keen about women in an underhanded, quiet way. It is not difficult for a man of his means to do a lot of things behind the unassailable French restaurant walls and get by with it."

"You recall the knife was drawn neatly across both cheeks. I see you indulged in a theory that he possibly was the victim of some blackmail brotherhood. You even hinted at the Mafia. I am surprised at you. You ought to let that exaggerated institution rest for a while. I have a little theory of my own on that knifing business, which, I think, we will now work upon. 'Phone Sampson when you get a chance that it pleases Lanagan to go to work for his sweat-shop wages again."



He lit a match, the space between the bottom of the radiator and the floor being so slight that he could not examine it as closely as he seemed to want to

pickled jellyfish of a Sampson has been lacing you? You should be laced. Met Brady a few minutes ago and he said you were handling—or mishandling—the story. You ought to get a month's lay-off for letting that crowd of two-by-four dubs, on the 'Times' at least, get the best of you. Come on down. I want to talk things over."

**H**E WAS at Billy Connors's "Buckets of Blood," that famed barroom rendezvous close by the Hall of Justice, where the thieves' clans were wont to gather. There was nothing of particular coincidence



We parted company with Monahan after he had promised Lanagan to drift through his particular world—or what portion of it was as yet up—and endeavor to learn something of the identity of any of Monteagle's affiliations under the rose.

WE HEADED for the Sutton Building, and in the lobby found Murray, just coming on duty.

"Do you think anyone could have gotten out of that room in the excitement after you found the body?" asked Lanagan.

"No, sir," said Murray with aged preciseness. "I locked the door on the outside when I went for an officer, and it could not have been opened, because in my hurry I left my master's key turned in the lock when I went for a policeman."

So much for Lanagan's very plausible theory of the "get-away." He came up from it as suave as ever and asked:

"Could anyone have been in that room before Monteagle came in, do you suppose?"

"No, sir," said Murray with the didacticism of the aged again. "No, sir. There was nobody in that room. I know because the elevator boy, Denny, heard the telephone bell ringing for eight or ten times, and finally let himself in and answered it, but the party hung up. Mr. Monteagle was very free and easy with us men, which accounts for Denny taking the liberty. There was nobody in that room when Denny was in there, and that was well after eight o'clock, after I came on duty. It all gets me, sir, how that knife sticker got into that room and how he got out after he got there. I don't like to think Ole Stromberg had a hand in it, but it looks a leetle black for Ole, according to the papers. I know my skirts are clear."

WE WENT on up to the room. The Public Administrator, with Monteagle's lawyer and his stenographer, was there. The lawyer was inclined to get forward, but the Administrator was a good programer for a newspaper man and smoothed matters over. Lanagan was studying the stenographer: intelligent of feature, stylishly but plainly dressed, and bearing about her eyes and mouth very plain indications of the nervous tension under which she must have labored during the last three days. She was one of that type of well-poised secretary-stenographers found in most large offices.

Lanagan made an opportunity of asking her:

"Did Mr. Monteagle have any enemies that you know of? Persons who have threatened him personally, by letter or over the 'phone?"

"None that I know of," she replied quietly.

"Do you think," asked Lanagan quickly, eying the girl narrowly with those singularly penetrating eyes of his, "do you think it could have been possible that a person might have been concealed in that closet when you locked the office door for the night?"

"Oh, no, no," she answered quickly, but her eyes involuntarily swept first to the closet and then to Lanagan's face as though in secret, anxious questioning. "Why, it makes me shiver even to think such a thing could have happened," she added, and she unmistakably shivered a little.

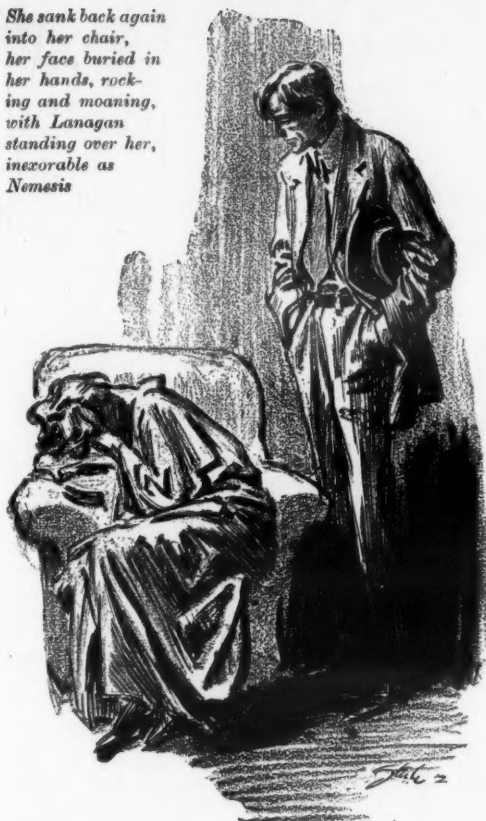
There was more conversation, and Lanagan fell to examining the room. He first examined the closet. Then he opened the window and scrutinized the sill for a long time. He got down on his knees and peered beneath the heat radiator of coiled pipes. He lit a match, the space between the bottom of the radiator and the floor being so slight that he could not examine it as closely as he seemed to want to.

"Expect your man to get into the room through that?" asked the Public Administrator with heavy facetiousness.

"Oh, no," replied Lanagan smoothly; "it's just possible he got out of the room through it, though," and continued with his minute examination.

THE stenographer, Grace Northrup by name, although assisting the other two sorting out papers, found time each moment to flash a quick glance at Lanagan. Whether it was merely active feminine curiosity I could not determine. As for me, I had been over the room half a dozen times already. It held nothing further for me; but I never could even guess at the clues Lanagan might turn up on a trail that a dozen

*She sank back again into her chair, her face buried in her hands, rocking and moaning, with Lanagan standing over her, inexorable as Nemesis*



men had tramped over, so I remained to see him work with keen interest. When Lanagan had finished we left.

"Now, Norrie, my boy, to the Bush Street office of the telephone company," he said with as much enthusiasm as I ever saw him exhibit. "You are a fine old blunderbuss for fair! But the others aren't any better. Plain as the nose on your face! Lord, Lord!" He stopped and looked at me, laughing immoderately. I was inclined to be a trifle sulky; he made me feel like a six-dollar cub.

"Only," he continued, "it's a three days' trail that I have taken up, and that dirk wielder has got just that much of a start—always assuming, for the sake of the argument, that it was not Stromberg."

I DIDN'T ask him what he was going to the telephone office for: it came to me with a sting that I had heard that same bit of information about the telephoning dropped during the last two or three days, and, in the press of clues that I considered more important, had dismissed it. Which was the difference between Jack Lanagan and the rest of us: he had that intuitive fac-

ulty of eliminating the superfluous and driving at the main fact. It is, after all, a faculty found in all successful men of whatever occupation.

WE BOTH knew Lamb, traffic manager of the 'phone company. Lanagan asked for permission to talk with the girl who on Monday night handled the board having Bush 1243—Monteagle's number. Lamb was a substantial chap and promised to keep our visit in confidence. It was just before 4 o'clock, and the 4 to 10 shift of girls was coming on. In a few moments a young girl of sensible, pleasant demeanor was shown to the room, and Lamb retired after requesting that she give us all the information she might have on whatever subjects we discussed.

"You will be performing a service that will be appreciated," said Lanagan, "if you could recall whether on Monday evening, along about 8 o'clock, you had several calls for Bush 1243?"

"Yes, sir, I do," she instantly answered. "It was not a busy night and I was handling three positions. The call came from east office. We do not talk to the party direct on an outside call, and east supervisor came on the line several times to instruct me to try and raise the number. That is how I recall it so distinctly."

"I may tell you that that is the telephone number of the office of Mr. Monteagle, who was murdered," said Lanagan. "I don't suppose you ever got a line on whom his telephone calls might be from as a general thing, did you?"

"No, sir," she answered primly. "I pay no attention to whom is on a line."

"Thank you," said Lanagan. "I think you can be trusted not to say anything about our visit or questions?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

WE GOT a card of introduction from Lamb to Adams, manager of east office, and hurried there.

"Wasn't that rather an indiscreet thing to do, tell her Monteagle's number?" I suggested. Lanagan laughed and slapped me on the back. It was evident he was in high feather with himself. I was trundling along, absolutely in the dark.

"My dear Norrie, when you meet a girl like that take her into your confidence. Did you get that 'to whom?' She smelt a rat and would have looked the number up and blown the glad tidings all over the office that a couple of detectives or newspaper men had been interviewing her on the murder. Recollect, too, that the telephone from the reporters' room at police headquarters comes in on this exchange. It's just possible that some of those gay young blades on night police have affiliations with some of these gay young blondes. I have got many a story through 'phone girls—and have occasionally lost a story through the same medium. Get me? As it stands, she is all puffed up with her own importance and pat with us. There are times when you have got to take a chance at spilling your hand. This was one of them." I subsided, humbled.

Not to occupy too much space with the merely routine details of working out the clew, we met Adams, another substantial chap.

The chief operator recalled distinctly the number, more particularly because the woman calling it had been nervous and irritable. The call came, she said, from the public booth at Shumate's pharmacy. It was only a couple of blocks away, and we went there.

It was a large establishment with half a dozen clerks. We worked down the list. The fourth man had been on duty on Monday night and recalled a young woman who had entered the booth repeatedly on that evening. She lived some place in the vicinity, he said, and usually got off the Sutter Street car shortly after 5.30 o'clock. The car stopped directly in front of the door, and if we would wait he would point her out to us if she came that way this evening. I took a position outside to signal in when a car approached and Lanagan remained inside. It was then just after five.

AMONG the passengers from one car I noticed Miss Northrup, and was about to step forward and speak to her on a chance of her dropping something additional when I caught a glimpse out of the tail of my eye of Lanagan signaling me with a swift gesture. I dodged around the corner before she saw me. She



"I am glad it is over," she said, apathetically. "I have only wondered that it did not come sooner"



# Copy

## The Diary of a Real Newspaper Woman—Part II

By PEGGY VAN BRAAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



*I held a little, new-born baby in my arms while the young father, wild-eyed and half crazed with hunger, prayed and sobbed and stormed and cried out for work, work, any kind of work*

NOVEMBER 6—The woman's page editor is sick, and I have to take her place for a day or so. It's like walking blindfolded along a strange path. I felt actually lost when I sat down at her desk, piled high with clippings and letters and proofs, and plunged in.

Those of us out in the local room are too prone to believe that we do the biggest work, and, therefore, can do any sort of work. This part of the newspaper game is twice as hard as going directly out after a certain story, fighting for it, and writing it.

I'd rather trace a ping-pong picture of a girl to its original studio than I would decide whether or not the girl or the man should say I'm sorry first, or answer the many questions and pleas that come in by every mail.

How odd women are about writing their very hearts out to a stranger! They tell Miss R— most intimate things about their homes and love affairs, and expect her to be arbiter of fashions and ethics alike.

There is something almost tragic in the vision the letters call up to my mind of lonely women with no one to confide in—of the hopeless brooding of my sex over life's little trials and the passion of relief that must come in writing it all out; of sweeping heart and mind clean of the doubts and flinging them to another to settle for you. But the responsibility of it—the delicate handling needed to keep from being brusque and businesslike, and hurting the sensitive nerves, waiting, quivering for your reply—heigh-ho—it's hard to be sympathetic and a newspaper woman too, especially after you've read two hundred letters and filed them for answering.

THERE was one tearful letter from a bride whose husband was angry because she had bought a bright green messaline, and asked what she could do about it. (I don't blame the husband either.) However, I advised her to get black net and make it up over the green, and tell hubby that she did it to please him; and when it was written I had a warm little feeling around my heart, as I do sometimes when I take money and help and hope down to some of my poor families, only I smiled instead of feeling the lump in my throat and the raging protest against unnecessary suffering.

Another woman demanded a cure for pimples (gracious, does she think this a drug store as well as a paper?), while still another woman wrote asking for a hair tonic, how to arrange an evening coiffure, and how to manicure her nails.

I find, however, that Miss R— has books and notes and scrap pads to answer everything, and my admiration for the quiet, drab, little woman is going up by leaps and bounds. I have touched the world at every corner perhaps, but all the time she has sat like a busy little spider, weaving a web of knowledge and content about thousands of homes; giving advice, help, sympathy, and recipes; telling Oshkosh and other towns the way to make their clothes and keep their husbands happy, and New York how to mind its manners.

The news part of the paper is undoubtedly the pulse of the world, but the woman's page is the heart of it.

NOVEMBER 7—I saw a new kind of iron and holder to-day, and a new invention to help housewives dust, and I got as excited as if I had discovered a new comet in the heavens; and I wrote half a column about the modern helps for the home, and felt too domestic for words.

I wish I could see all the women who read it—and, by the way, it must help advertise things, too. I be-

lieve, after all, this page is more fun than real stories. I also wrote a long article on how to suit the fashionable hat to your face. Maybe nobody will take the advice, but it's good anyhow—I got it straight from a milliner.

Two letters came to-day from women who want to leave their husbands. Think of the awful tragedy of having no one to confide in, no one to ask help from, except—a newspaper.

They wrote so intimately, too—so passionately sure of understanding and sympathy—that I felt guilty at reading the letters in Miss R—'s absence.

One told how Miss R— had helped her to have a happy Christmas; another of how Miss R— had helped her to buy her clothes by sending or criticizing samples—and so they didn't feel strange, they said, and wrote for advice.

I was awed—touched. I wish that J— didn't laugh so at the woman's page work and didn't poke fun at my taking Miss R—'s place. After all, it's big work and fine work, and without the glory and excitement that compensates for so much in the news end of things.

I expect some day I will admit that there is a "real" side to the society column—but not yet.

NOVEMBER 8—Miss R— comes back to-morrow, and I'm almost sorry. I wrote to a girl to-day and told her not to "keep company," how to stop biting her nails, and designed a costume for her to wear to a church concert. Gracious, how funny it all is! And I did it so seriously—it really wasn't humorous till I thought about it afterward.

SOMEHOW work never is funny—it's just something that comes very close to your heart, whether it's writing police news or a recipe for cold cream, only sometimes you chuckle later when your personality rises up reproachfully and sighs: "See what you went and made me do."

NOVEMBER 10—I have gone all day with a smile on my lips and agony in my heart. I am blind with misery—heart-sick. Oh, God, God!—though why I should cry out to Him in my pitiful, maimed, earthly shame, I do not know.

J— is married—married! He has two children—his kisses were each a shame on me—his whispered vows worse than mockery. I was nothing to him but a girl at the office—a "pal" for the idle hours.

It has all happened so quickly, it bewilders me. I went into the hermit's office to give him back a book, and while I was there I heard a woman's voice in the hall say quite distinctly:

"Please tell Mr. L— his wife is here." And then I heard J—'s voice say—and, oh, it was glad: "Why, Miriam, I thought you wouldn't be here till next week. Why didn't you tell me, so I could meet you?" And she said: "I couldn't wait and I wanted to surprise you. It's been so long." Then I heard a child say "Daddy," and heard J— laugh, and I reached out blindly, and the hermit caught me and said:

"Don't be a fool. Don't be a fool. Don't let the office know. You knew all along that he was married. Do you understand? You knew all—the time."

"But I didn't. I didn't." I kept crying, and at last he held me tight and said softly:

"Poor little wounded thing—to know so much of life and learn nothing for yourself. Come, come, be brave. Did you ask him if he was married?"

The question was like a blow, that brought me to myself. I didn't! I never thought—I simply accepted him as a part of my life. It was the office comradeship; then something deeper, more intimate, I never thought of being indignant—of asking his intentions. I never was angry with him the way I was when others asked me to dinner or to supper, with a smile that was half a leer. He was just J— and I was, his dupe—his fool.

Nobody at the office guessed. I even smiled at him and said quite loudly and gayly: "Your wife came sooner than you expected, didn't she? I thought you told me next week." And he mumbled and stumbled and said nothing. It helped a lot for him to be embarrassed; it kept up my nerve, although even then I had got outside of myself and sat analyzing my own emotions—reducing my feelings to "copy."

The grip of the news instinct has gone that deep I find, and I can't regret it—not now—for the repertorial surgery at work on my own wound reduced the pain to phrases, the cry of my heart to headlines, until at last I grew numb.

NUMB! That is what these years have brought me—only the power to cauterize my hurts with the touch of copy, to heal the bleeding of my own heart, because I have seen so many others bleed and found only news in their agony.

If he had only told me. If I had—but it's no use, I walked blindly into it, now I must fight my way out. But I won't stay here. I'll go to another paper in another city—and forget—perhaps my copy will be the better for this.

NOVEMBER 11—I won't go away. I've made my place here and my work must come first. Let him go—he is in the wrong, not I. It came to me suddenly this afternoon that I needn't go—that my work was enough to heal.

How good work is—how soul-satisfying. I woke again to the realization that I was a cog in the great machine of the press, but an important one. A cog whose turning now meant something to hundreds of little children in the tenements whom I have come in touch with. A cog known to the police matrons, the magistrates, in the hospitals, and in the great undercur-

(Continued on page 80)



*It made my heart ache. His little children were gathered about him and his eyes were full of the fire of the enthusiast, but his mouth was drawn with those lines of failure I have learned to know so well*



# Newell Dwight Hillis

*The Preacher Who Is Conspiring to Make Brooklyn Beautiful*

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

**A**SAPIENT soul is the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, and wise in the wisdom of his generation; canny, quicker than chain lightning, human as Ty Cobb, and as a preacher his batting average is as high. He maintains the traditions of American pulpit oratory in the very spot where it reached its flower and for forty years loosed its fragrance on the highways of American national life; for Dr. Hillis preaches in the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, with the historic memories of that embattled and embattling spirit round him. On the right of his pulpit as he speaks is the F. William Herring portrait of Beecher. The rays of an incandescent light fall cunningly upon it, making the picture seem alive and just a trifle spiritualized. It is the aura gleam of the soul of Beecher, looking on over the shoulder of Hillis into the very faces of some of those men and women who had heard the Thunderer for years.

Beneath the portrait of Beecher is the large, plush-covered pulpit chair in which he once sat, couched like a lion, till the moment for his mighty burst of self-expression had come. Across the top of the chair, wrought in lace, are the magic letters: "BEECHER." On the left of the pulpit, against the wall, is a glass case containing battle flags, the guerdons of the 67th New York, which was the First Long Island Regiment, one that was recruited in part from the Beecher constituency in Brooklyn, and which was known throughout the war as Beecher's Phalanx. Moreover, these are the very walls, the very galleries, with their rakish pitch toward the pulpit, which once echoed with the mighty diapasons of the Beecher eloquence.

#### THE HILLIS ORATORY UNLIKE THE BEECHER ORATORY

**Y**ET Hillis holds his Plymouth congregation in the hollow of his hand and, with Beecher looking on, coolly disregards every characteristic and canon of the Beecher style. The great one, after mumbling and rumbling through his nose in the early passages of his sermon, was wont soon to step back and swing his mighty right arm like a wing of a Dutch windmill while his great voice boomed the rolling thunders of his mind and soul. Hillis never booms. His voice seldom rolls. It crackles, thrills, electrifies, drops into pathos, or puzzles the wit with some sudden asseveration that brings black clouds of doubt hovering low, then clears up the uncertainty with a striking similitude which splits the darkness like a lightning flash, and in the afterglow goes swiftly on, striking sparks, lighting the gloom, kindling the intelligence. The Beecher oratory was a storm, a chaos, in which flowers bloomed and mountains trembled and fell down, a mighty battle of the elements, a war of the emotions of the worlds, a flood, an earthquake, a cataclysm! After which came glorious calm and the still, small voice of God. That is, sometimes it was like this. Some other times the stage properties would not work. The thunder was there. It boomed, but had no reverberating quality; it kindled no echo. At such times the congregation of Plymouth Church walked soberly home and said respectfully of Mr. Beecher that he was not at his best this morning.

There was a power in the passion of Beecher that is greater than the power in the passion of Hillis. Beecher planted blows in the solar plexus of the soul. Hillis will not do that. Rather will he put a steam-hot towel on the face of conscience and so open the pores of man's moral nature that he will himself punch his plexus. Beecher was brave. Hillis is not a coward. Beecher fought human slavery when the conservative classes all about him counseled moderation. Hillis today dares to be distinctly progressive. His church is full of conservatives. He loves these conservatives, but not their conservatism. He is for the initiative and the referendum; for the recall, for direct primaries, and direct election of United States Senators. Not a prominent man in his church, probably, but is against all or most all of these principles. Hillis is for Roosevelt, and he takes no pains to hide his views upon the subject.

#### PREACHING THE STREET CARS OUT OF THEIR ORBITS

**T**HE people of Plymouth Church loved and revered Beecher, and they love and revere Hillis, seeing nothing odious in comparisons, believing that they differ merely as one star differeth from another star in glory.

Dr. Hillis's first feat on coming to Brooklyn was to preach the street cars out of their orbits. Watch next Sunday and you may see that while the eight or ten principal surface lines of the city loop on Fulton Street and turn off two blocks before they come to Orange Street, on which Plymouth Church is situated, as the hour of morning service arrives, these cars with crowds of worshippers, far-gathered, come two blocks farther down on Fulton to discharge their passengers at the nearest point to the church. At the close of the service they come down there again to pick them up, and at the evening hour on Sunday the same phenomena are again observable.



*Hillis never booms. His voice seldom rolls. It crackles, thrills, electrifies, and goes swiftly on, lighting the gloom, kindling the intelligence*

**T**HIS is the first article of the second series on American preachers. The subjects of succeeding articles will be:

The Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of Central Church, the largest independent congregation of Chicago.

The Rev. C. L. Goodell of Calvary Methodist Church, New York City, a power in the Methodism of the country.

The Rev. Alexander Mann of Trinity Episcopal Church, Boston, who occupies the pulpit of Phillips Brooks.

The Rev. William Rader of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, crusader as well as preacher.

Yet the most conspicuous achievement of Dr. Hillis is the Brooklyn-beautiful movement. Dr. Hillis has set them of that city at their task, and the work is going forward just as determinedly as in Chicago, where they are spending ten millions a year, for twenty-five years—that's two hundred and fifty millions in all—on a city-beautiful plan worked out by their own Daniel H. Burnham, who bids fair to go down into history as the city builder of the New World. In Brooklyn the new movement all came about simply enough. It was a mere matter of the Hillis imagination and the gatling-fire of Hillis rhetoric. The doctor was preaching a series of sermons on great cities, and in the course came to the home city, whereupon, with some assurance it must be confessed, he took for his text John's vision of the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven. Upon this text the doctor waxed very eloquent. He managed his appeal to civic pride skillfully. He told them Manhattan could never grow any more; that it was a beautiful little cherry stone; but while you might carve a cherry stone it remained a cherry stone still. Brooklyn, now, the doctor explained, had room to grow—it could expand clear to Montauk Point, some one hundred and forty miles or so; and backed this up with a quotation from Sir Charles Dilke, who, after traveling the whole United States over, had predicted that Brooklyn would be "the largest city in the world, with the arch and entrance to the country on the eastern end of Long Island."

In fact, the doctor's imagination appears to have been going very well that night. He roamed the cities and

the ages of the world in his quest of attractions wherewith to make Brooklyn imperial and beautiful. He began by expropriating for Brooklyn the hanging gardens of Babylon, and then swept on down through the nations and across the centuries: from Athens the Acropolis, Parthenon and all; from Rome the Circus Maximus and the Appian Way; from Egypt the Sphinx and Pyramids; from Pisa the Leaning Tower; from Venice the Grand Canal—But perhaps I exaggerate; yet surely the much-traveled doctor left nothing admirable out of any of the great cities of the world which he thought might be ornamental to Brooklyn. He even added two stark new features of his own, an elevated boulevard along the water front and some kind of marine garden out at Sea Gate.

Borough President Alfred E. Steers, who heard the sermon, was so moved by it that he arose in the audience at the close of the address and announced that he would do his best to make the preacher's vision a reality. Thus the evening and the morning were the first day of the Brooklyn-beautiful campaign.

#### BUILDING A GATEWAY TO THE REPUBLIC

**N**EXT Dr. Hillis got Mr. Burnham to come from Chicago to make an address. This address was heard by Brooklyn's foremost citizens. It was illustrated doubly—by lantern slides and by another vision-full address of Dr. Hillis. A committee of twenty-five of the very first citizens of Brooklyn, headed by Frederic B. Pratt, and with Dr. Hillis among the number, was immediately appointed to get to work. The newspapers spread the idea over their Sunday fronts with elaborate drawings. Meetings are being held; plans are being adopted; budgets prepared, bond issues looked to, and the whole machinery of making Brooklyn, to quote Dr. Hillis, "the front portico of the nation's house and a kind of gateway to the Republic," is in operation.

Who, considering this, can say that the pulpit has lost its power?

But to understand the true Dr. Hillis we must first explode the Hillis myth. Every Monday morning for seventeen years a Hillis sermon in full, gleaming with the glow of polished literary finish, has appeared in some daily paper, first in Chicago, and in the last thirteen years in Brooklyn. Every year has seen one or more Hillis books, each flavored with the same delightful literary tang, come from the press. Every year for the past thirteen his voice has been heard on the lecture platform an average of one hundred times, and these lectures are of the regulation length—two solid hours. In addition, Dr. Hillis makes scores of addresses and speeches on all sorts of occasions, and always his speeches sparkle and teem with the evidence of wide and late reading. To explain this enormous fecundity of the Hillis brain has grown up the Hillis myth. One hears it East or West, North or South, wherever preachers happen to get together and discuss the work of the taller souls among them. It has variations, but certain elements are present in all of the accounts. It runs something like this when baldly put:

"Hillis cannot speak extemporaneously. He gets his fine phrases by endless midnight toil. Every sermon, lecture, and address is written out in advance and painstakingly committed to memory. He accomplishes this tremendous volume of careful composition by the aid of two secretaries. When he is to speak upon a certain theme he has one of his secretaries read all the late books in that field, and give him oral or written briefs of their contents. Then, with these books about him, and fetching passages marked, with the faithful secretary at hand and a stenographer at elbow, he dictates the address or sermon, polishing the transcript at his leisure, whereupon it is committed to memory and is ready for discharge when the occasion applies the match. The strain upon his health has been so great since going from Chicago, where he had only to write one sermon per week which he read from manuscript, to Brooklyn, where he must prepare two sermons per week and memorize them both, that he has become a nervous wreck."

Now, remember, that is a myth—the well-known Hillis myth. And as a myth it is a very interesting example of the popular constructive imagination, showing how by gradual accretions a story will be built up to account in a rational way for phenomena that seem incomprehensible otherwise.

#### THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND

**I**T IS now our pleasant task to sit down before the Mythical Hillis and peel him off, one layer at a time, till we come to the real man beneath his legendary integuments, and when found, we shall see a man as much more convincing as truth is stronger than fiction.

To begin with, Newell Dwight Hillis is not a nervous wreck at all, but a bounding dynamo of health. He admits that there was a time after coming to Brooklyn

when he wasn't so well, wasn't getting as much steam out of his boilers as he thought he should. He went to a doctor in Brooklyn, it is rumored, and said: "Look here! I want to make a bargain with you. I'll undertake to keep you out of hell if you'll undertake to keep me out of heaven. Is that a go?"

"Done!" exclaimed the doctor. They went to work, the two intelligences cooperating, Hillis himself delving into the mysteries of his body with all the intentness of his trained intellect, until to-day he talks profoundly of fluids and secretions, of lymphs and corpuscles and metabolisms, of the quantity and kind of blood needed for an emotional sermon and the quite different drain upon the bodily forces by an intricate argumentative discourse. I could not go with Dr. Hillis through these mazes. We started, but after dropping down the alimentary canal from island to bayou for a turn or two, in the very midst of a dissertation on the relation of the liver to mental processes, I gave it up and groped for the outer air again, feeling very much as Jonah must have when he emerged from the internal economy of the whale. Yet the doctor can afford to let us smile incredulously, for, however he got it or keeps it, he is that bounding dynamo of health mentioned above.

#### HE IS ALL EYES—AND TONGUE

DR. HILLIS is yet young, the youngest fifty-two-year-old that I have collided with since gripping the hand of Colonel Goethals, who is digging the Panama Canal. Dr. Hillis is so young he does not walk, but bounds. So young that every enthusiasm of youth is still regnant in his life. He is built on springs and the springs are triggered on hairs. I saw him the other day in a downtown club when a friend entered. Hillis did not arise and go to meet him. He launched himself at him, his eyes kindling. He has the face of an artist. His hair is streaked with iron gray, but bushes irrepressibly. His skin is peculiarly unpigmented. In moments of introspection the face assumes a pallor that is almost deathly. In animation it glows with the russet hues of perfect health, for Hillis is an uncloistered type. The golf course and motor-sped breezes know him better than the study. But the eye is the remarkable feature of the man. Dark in color, reddish brown to black, those orbs are piercing and lap up details with a sort of animal intentness. They are almost hypnotic; enough so that in the first moments of your conversation you will see nothing else. Eyes! The man is all eyes—and tongue! He will smother you in speech. Not that he monopolizes the conversation at all. He is an unusually polite listener; but in the few seconds that he does talk, his marvelous capacity for touching off ideas bewilders one. He rains them upon you. The universe has suddenly become a set piece of fireworks; he sweeps a torch across the fuses and it all begins to blaze at once.

As to memorizing his sermons, Dr. Hillis could not do that. He has no memory for word forms. His mind eats verbal furbishings like acid. When the idea is born again it is newly swaddled. He remembers his argument, and says that if the argument does not suggest the phrasing in which his mind originally cast it, the words must have been ill chosen; and that if one paragraph of his development does not suggest the next, the next was wrongly placed. And when it comes to secretaries reading books for him, the Brooklyn divine hoots—almost jeers at the suggestion. He has one very capable secretary, not two. She reads no books for him. In fact, Dr. Hillis says he stopped reading books ten years ago. Let the reader take this statement metaphorically, please, however; for the man's mind is all a-rustle with what the books of the world are saying and have said. Yet the statement has a meaning, and a significant one, which will presently appear.

#### SERMONS PREACHED, THEN WRITTEN

AND finally, as to writing his sermons: they are not written before they are preached, but after. The morning sermon is prepared before breakfast on Sunday morning. The evening sermon is prepared Sunday afternoon; the preparation in each instance going no farther than the making of an outline, and the walking of the man up and down, rapt and silent in his study, while his mind broods the issues of his theme. Both sermons are reported stenographically; one or the other is chosen for publication, and Dr. Hillis spends a hasty hour revising the transcribed notes on Monday morning. Thereafter, for the man is incurably social, he is likely to go off to luncheon with a party of friends, probably to one of the downtown restaurants or clubs of New York, and there, while the coffee is being served, may be brought the afternoon edition of the Brooklyn "Eagle," and in it, all damp from his brain, the sermon of Dr. Hillis.

Thus the myth falls to fragments and we come at Hillis the man. There is no doubt in my mind that he started out to be the greatest of preachers. Naturally he did not tell me this. I deduce it. He is a man of

will. He was born of bookish parents. He was born a "dig." He sweated his brows in the dead of night, determined to get at the alchemist's mystery of golden speech. Disappointment always attended this effort of mortar and pestle to compound the prescription for eloquence. He could produce many flashing metals, but they were not gold. His brilliants were of paste that sickled in the day. He could fashion a philosopher's, an alchemist's gold in the darkness of his word-creating den; but it turned to fool's gold when he brought it outside. These were the days, too, when Dr. Hillis was getting his reputation as a word painter, as a wizard of words; but the man himself suspected that his sermons might be overgilded, that they were garlanded with artificial flowers and that sometimes he drenched his waxen petals with perfumes that were also artificial. But he kept up his quest until at last in the bottom of his crucible he had come upon an important truth—the



*He has the face of an artist. His hair is streaked with iron gray, but bushes irrepressibly. In moments of introspection the face assumes a pallor; in animation it glows*

secret of the simile. It was when he was trying to retort the preaching Jesus that he discovered it. One power of that greatest of the preachers, he saw, was in 'comparisons. "The kingdom of heaven is like—" etc., "like a sower," "like a merchant," "like a householder," "like a woman," "like leaven," like, like, like! "For without a parable (i. e., a figure of speech) spake He not unto them." Laboriously the young student of preaching counted the number of these "likes" in the Gospels. Then he turned to Shakespeare and found the same quality in less degree.

But he had found one other truth at the bottom of his alembic. Jesus and Shakespeare did not get their similes from books but from nature, not from pages but from people. Dr. Hillis took his eyes off the page for a moment and read the face of the world around him. What he saw seemed good. He broke his alembics. He closed his alchemist's den. Also he closed his books, and went out to lay his finger on the pulse of the world. He said to himself, henceforth I will get my sermons in the running brooks of human experience. No more stuffed nightingales for me! That was ten years ago. To-day he said to me over the coffee as his eyes took on a reminiscent depth:

#### AN EXPLORER OF THE HEARTS OF MEN

"THE study of books was killing my spontaneity. Books are people at second-hand. The doctor is the man most skilled in human nature to-day, because he studies humanity continually; the moods and moans of his patients are the books of his reading. Lawyers, now"—and the doctor leaned over and planted an index finger emphatically in the middle of the table—"that's why a lawyer's advice on a practical subject isn't worth anything. Take Taft, now. That's what's the matter with Taft. He is a large body of humanity, entirely surrounded by lawyers. Why, I wouldn't turn over in a hammock to get a lawyer's idea on how to grow cabbages."

(Dr. Hillis has numerous friends who are lawyers, and

I know they will make him buy many dinners, and beat him many merciless games at golf, before he does penance sufficient for this remark.)

Not that Dr. Hillis really doesn't read books; he does, but he reads people, too, and to his greater profit, so that to-day he is surpassing himself, and heights that are greater probably lie beyond.

It is written a few stickfuls back that Dr. Hillis begins the preparation of his sermons on Sunday morning. Wrong! Wrong!! He is preparing them constantly—every minute of his life he is preparing for preaching. Two days at least of every week he sets himself deliberately to an exploring of the hearts of men. Sometimes it is a factory that he goes through, studying the faces, looking into the work under the hands of the men and women, talking to them if he can, sounding their souls and seeking to get at the secrets of their lives. Sometimes again it is a captain of industry whom he selects for a sort of psychic vivisection; sometimes it is one way and sometimes it is another, but always the object is the same, to tap the veins of life itself. Where he will go or what he will seek in each particular week depends largely upon the kind of theme he has in mind, a theme often chosen weeks and months in advance, and the development of that theme is written on the unrolling pages of his mind as he moves about, on the corner of the street, on the golf course, or in the smoking room of a club, or while at table with whatever Simon or Zacchaeus Dr. Hillis has elected to lunch or dine that week.

#### AT CENTRAL CHURCH, CHICAGO

DR. HILLIS was born in Iowa. His first important pastorate was in Peoria, although at this late date, twenty years after and more, one finds no indication of this in the excise reports from that place. Evanston in the same State next claimed him and for a longer ministry. During that time David Swing, that eccentric pulpit genius whose soul was as Greek as his drawing accents were Scotch, was preaching in Central Music Hall, Chicago. When Professor Swing died his trustees took it for granted that the Central Church must die also. They met and dissolved the organization. They disposed of the pulpit furniture and they gave away the Bible. When Lyman Gage, afterward Secretary of the Treasury, and then a member of the board of trustees of Central Church, though absent from this final meeting, returned to the city and learned what had been done, he said: "You have made a mistake. There is a man who can carry on the work of Swing. His name is Hillis, Newell Dwight Hillis, a young man of Evanston." Mr. Gage must have believed in the young Evanston preacher tremendously, for he persuaded his cotrustees to rescind their action and extend a call to young Hillis. Dr. Hillis accepted the call, and his work in the new field was instantly successful. He continued there for six years, when the call to Brooklyn and to Plymouth Church came. He accepted again, and is now in his thirteenth year of service with that historic congregation.

Oratorically considered, Newell Dwight Hillis to-day is a pulpit conversationalist. Plymouth Church with him in the pulpit becomes a huge salon. Hillis monopolizes the conversation. He monologues his way through the hour with unexampled brilliancy, with unfailing resourcefulness of similitude and epigram, with riches of imagery apparently inexhaustible.

#### HE WILL NOT TEAR DOWN

BEECHER used to love to lay his hands, Samsonlike, upon the pillars of the temple of the universe and pull them with a mighty crash down about the ears of his listeners, and then with flight beyond flight of rare and consuming eloquence build the universe back again and show the hand of God holding it in place. Hillis will not tear down. He walks about through the temple of this world like some preaching Aristotle, discoursing upon and making inductions from all that he sees. Hillis is a commentator on the universe. He sees it whole. His cosmogony is closely unified. His universe is highly rational. Cause and effect are within shouting distance of each other always. His preaching genius is for similitudes. He will explain what one thing is like by marshaling round it all the other objects in the universe and making each give off some characteristic, some odor, some fragrance, some brightness, some hardness, some something that is like some one of the qualities of the object of which he speaks, and when the panorama has passed, when the great object lesson is complete, it usually comes to pass that he has made his hearers understand and feel the power of his idea by figures and resemblances as he could not have done by diagrams and syllogisms.

Here are some examples of the smashing similitudes with which his discourse is momentarily illumined. Speaking of the man who is swayed by momentary emotions and passions, he says: "He is like a mariner who steers from cloud to cloud instead of from star to star."

(Continued on page 24)



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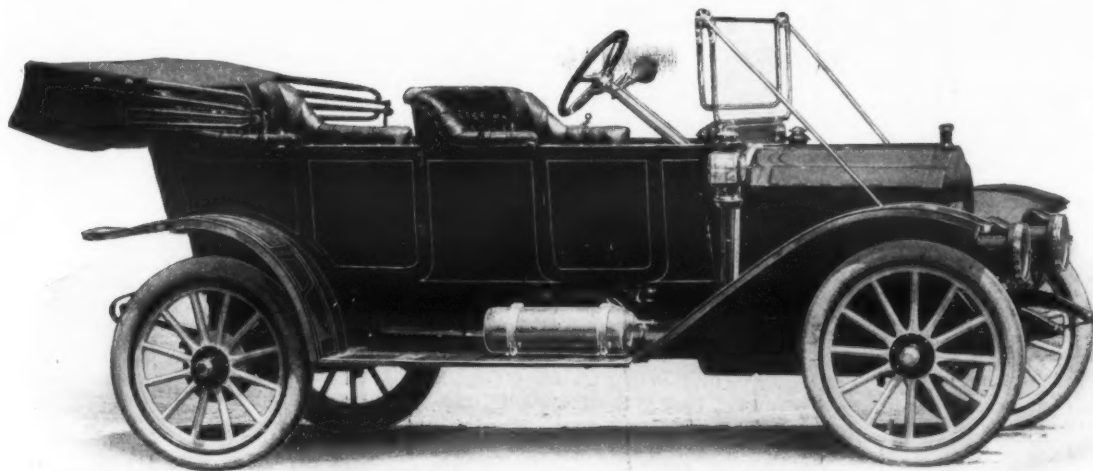
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The Quaker City Motor Club of Philadelphia conducted an economy run for motor cars, in April, open to all pleasure cars with the exception of air-cooled cars—and the only air-cooled car in Philadelphia is the Franklin.

### What They Did

In the Quaker City Motor Club contest—open to water-cooled cars only—first prize for economy was awarded to a two-passenger car that used 2 gallons, 28 ounces of fuel and covered 61.8 miles. The average was 22.07 miles to the gallon.

### What We Have Done

46.1 miles on one gallon of gasoline was the Franklin record in an economy contest conducted by the Automobile Club of Buffalo open to all.

87 miles on 2 gallons of gasoline was another Franklin record made in an economy run held by the Automobile Club of America open to all.

### Sales of Franklin cars in Philadelphia are 300% over sales for last year

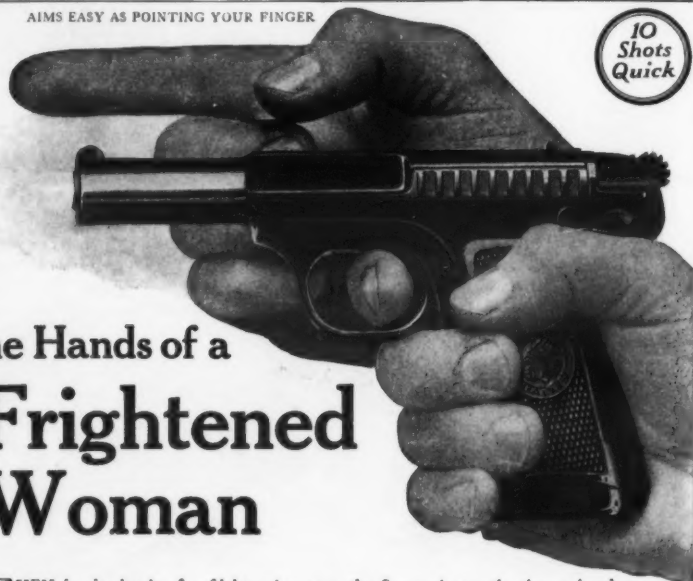
Franklin economy records have never been beaten. They are the highest proof of the superior efficiency of the Franklin air-cooled motor. The world's economy record for motor trucks, 44/100 of a cent per ton mile, is held by a Franklin.

Franklin "Little Six" is the solution of the problem of heavy upkeep. A small six-cylinder car, it costs no more to run than a four-cylinder car of the same size and power.

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**E**VEN in the hands of a frightened woman the Savage Automatic gives a burglar no chance whatever.

Try this and prove it. Tell her to point her finger at some object. She points at once by instinct, invariably straight. Then hand her a Savage and let her point in the same way. She will cover any mark off-hand. Then go to an open place and let her shoot it.

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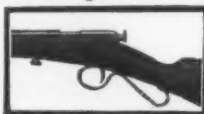
She can aim it accurately, quickly and surely, can shoot once to each trigger pull, can shoot ten times.

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*Oh-h-h! ev'ry time I come t' ground,  
Blamed ol' shadow dogs me 'round;  
The only joy I know, by Hek!  
Is jumpin' on the darned thing's neck!*

Chorus

*... Makes no diff'rence if I am a gnome,  
I hate t' see shadows a-doggin' me home!*

—CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

## Newell Dwight Hillis

(Concluded from page 22)

Or, of the wonder of the cotton plant: "Think of it, a lady's dress from a green pod as big as your thumb!" Or of a minister coming to his pulpit effort after he had employed the week in putting the best of himself into something else: "It is the second crushing of the grape."

Figures such as these operate like Franklin's kite. They take the lightning out of hazy clouds of speculation and shock the mind with the raw, keen edge of a sharply defined idea, the force and prodding power of which is unescapable. The preaching of Dr. Hillis bristles with these luminous similes. The columns of his sermons, the pages of his books, ripple and gleam with these sun-flashing figures. His conversation drips them like golden honey. But it is when he prays that the man's gifts of expression are most apparent. The pastoral prayer of Newell Dwight Hillis is undoubtedly the noblest utterance of his soul. He seems to have melted the yearnings of every heart into his own, and these, in tones of melting tenderness, he pours out in a golden stream upon the altar of worship. One hears of men who belong to other congregations that come occasionally to

Plymouth Church only that their souls may be wafted on the wings of his eloquence in the moment of public prayer.

But to return for one final word to the sermons of Dr. Hillis: It is the simple fact that they are off the same cloth with his conversations. Challenge his mind with a theme of sermonic scope at the luncheon table, and you tap the sources of his homiletic power. The stream will gush as freely and as richly for two as for two thousand. It is thus that sermons, lectures, speeches, and books flow from him. Physically, the man is an athlete. Conversationally, he is a prodigy. Multiply his conversation by the square of his audience, and you get the tide and volume of his sermon. He has stored his memory to bursting with the facts and vraisemblances of life and nature. He has taught his mind to think in pictures. His interest is in humanity. Of this interest he stands and babbles on one of the obscure bypaths of lower Brooklyn, and lo, the street cars are diverted from their courses, and a city blushes for its ugliness and sets about to grow architectural fig leaves to cover its nakedness withal.



"Remember, you are to set on those eggs till I come back from the parade"



# Brickbats & Bouquets

Atlanta, Ga.

I WISH to say I do not desire to renew my subscription for COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and furthermore that the Weekly has not met with my approval by any means. On the contrary, I hardly see how this could be expected, in view of the fact that your paper sent a representative here some time in April and had him spend a week or more on political work in the interest of the Roosevelt campaign, and had him confer with disreputable negroes and a few whites who were opposing me and my work in behalf of Mr. Taft, and then published in your paper a willful, malicious and absolutely false statement regarding my political activity. Of course, a paper like yours can undertake to insult and malign and abuse private citizens, knowing that he has not the time or means to undertake to prosecute you for the same; but nevertheless, you merit and receive only the just condemnation of all of the decent and respected citizens of the South, in pursuing a course of this kind.

I do not wish to renew my subscription to your paper, and under no circumstances would I have it come into my home again.

Very truly yours,  
HENRY S. JACKSON.

COLLIER'S has proved in detail, State by State, what was known to be a fact: The backbone of the Southern delegations consists of Federal officeholders. COLLIER'S gives the names of the delegates and the amount of salary that each one has at stake.

The "steam roller" is not a sensitive machine.

—Colorado Springs (Colo.) Gazette.

The Southern delegate strength, upon which the President must base his hope for renomination, continues to be the object of the Roosevelt broadside. The whole source of this strength, of course, is the Federal appointment system. One of the Southern delegates, Clark Grier of the Twelfth Georgia District, who switched to Roosevelt to-day, issued a statement in which he said: "... They have been delaying this appointment on the ground that COLLIER'S WEEKLY has been making such an exposé of the use of patronage in the South that it would be unwise to appoint Mr. McCrea until after the National Convention."

—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

On June 22, COLLIER'S WEEKLY—the most militantly progressive publication in modern American journalism—declares that TWO subjects should rightfully occupy the foreground in political debate this summer and that comparisons of opposing party platforms on these TWO subjects will go to the very essence of the question of rightful superiority.

What are the TWO platform demands which came from COLLIER'S WEEKLY in ADVANCE of the action of the Chicago convention?

It declared that the party will have the advantage which supports most ably these two positions—Adequate amendment of the Sherman act as dealing with the further restriction of improper combinations of monopolistic wealth; and second, the administration of laws regulating trusts by a commission similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

How does the Chicago platform measure to these requirements—requirements, mind you, which the most progressive publication in the land declares to be the measure of the "progressivism" of the party's principles?

Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

COLLIER'S, whom Hearst threatened with suit for libel, comes back in a recent issue with one of the most bitter denunciations ever printed in that fearless journal.

—Fresno (Cal.) Herald.

Peter C. Macfarlane's series of articles in COLLIER'S WEEKLY upon great preachers of to-day in America has proved so successful that its scope is to be enlarged, and Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn, Rev. C. L. Goodell of New York, and Rev. Alexander Mann of Boston are to be included in its consideration.

—Concord (N. H.) Monitor.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which keeps a watchful eye on the rapid commercial and industrial growth of the South, again, in its last issue, points out some startling figures of a financial nature to its clientele for the benefit of the South.

—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

This is the sort of advertising that the South most needs just now, and most deserves, for the tendency to which COLLIER'S refers is lodged deep in actuality. Carefully and guardedly compiled statistics issued from the Bureau of Commerce and Labor indubitably so attest. They show that no section of the country is proceeding more rapidly in agricultural, manufacturing, and banking development than that which lies to the South.—Lynchburg (Va.) News.

A very striking cartoon has just been published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY showing a splendid row of slender pines towering to the heavens. All are erect as pillars—save one, which in its weakness is bowed and tattered. And on the ground is the figure of a man, very small in proportion to the lofty trees. He is a cripple with crutches, and is a pathetic object, like "Little Boston" beside those upstanding trees which lift their proud heads to the wind.

Underneath the artist writes the one word "Why?" and the picture carries its own suggestions.

—London (England) Public Opinion.

COLLIER'S, which is much admired for the even tone and calm good nature of its editorials, has a pet aversion—William Alstorandolph Hearst. It has other aversions, but Hearst easily takes first rank. COLLIER'S seems incapable of remaining in good humor when it is discussing the Shrinking Violet. The blatant publisher gets on the nerves of the National Weekly.

—Winston-Salem (N. C.) Sentinel.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I wish to subscribe to the sentiment expressed in your article "Who's Violent?" printed in your June 29th edition. It is a pleasure to see a paper of your standing champion the cause of the plain people and especially in this instance. There is no denying the fact, there are two sets of laws in this country, one for the rich and one for the other fellow. Some one in COLLIER'S office must have his ear to the ground, as that paper apparently is alive to the feelings and dispositions of the masses as to the inequality which is at times being expressed.

GEORGE F. POLLOCK.

Whatever we may think of the judgment of the fellow who is suing COLLIER'S WEEKLY we are bound to admire his nerve.—Dayton (Ohio) News.

The Weekly has had wide and valuable experiences in proprietary remedies, knows what ails the country, and knows that the Colonel carries the only real progressive dope; that the contents correspond with the label and that sample campaign promises will be fully as good as the fulfillment stock. How, then, can the country get away from it? ... COLLIER'S has done a great work in discouraging the frauds and quacks that do the vampire act on rural purses; it has stood for conservation, has exalted honesty, glorified the national forests and mill sites, and constructed halos for Pinchot and Glavis as big and bright as rings peeled off the full moon; but it has never made enough Presidents to demonstrate its perfect accuracy and irresistible power as a journalistic Warwick. ... It is painful, distressing, of course, to think that a rip-staving uplift magazine like COLLIER'S could be wrong about anything; but nothing, alas, in this low ground of sorrow, called the world, is absolutely perfect and immune from error. Even Solomon made mistakes—in matrimony if not in theology and government.

—Fort Worth (Texas) Star-Telegram.

We wish to call the special attention of every parent and every college man to the strong series of articles in COLLIER'S WEEKLY on "The Social Usurpation of Our Colleges." Secret societies, cliques, and snobbery are given some hard blows.

—Boston (Mass.) Christian Endeavor World.

## REDUCE FRICTION

In the end friction destroys all motors.

Without friction your motor would never wear out.

Friction slowly but steadily wastes the power and wears the moving parts of automobile motors. This accounts for their short life.

To reduce this friction you should secure the nearest possible approach to perfect lubrication.

That involves the quality of your lubricating oil and its fitness for your motor.

Different types of motors demand different grades of oil.

The spring-strength of the piston rings must be considered; the fit of the piston ring into its recess; the length of the crankshaft and connecting-rod bearings; the feed systems; the length of the vacuum period, while intake and exhaust valves are both closed.

Before correct lubrication can be determined, these and other important considerations must be dealt with.

In producing Gargoyle Mobiloils we studied the construction of every American automobile and many foreign makes.

We have drawn up a list of recommendations, showing the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for these various cars.

A partial list is printed on the right. The complete list will be mailed you on request.

These oils and recommendations come from the Vacuum Oil Company, recognized by power-engineering circles throughout the world as the authoritative leaders in lubrication.

The oils specified will give the nearest approach to perfect lubrication that you can secure.



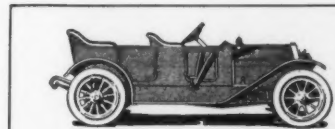
# Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

Gargoyle Mobiloils in quality establish a world standard. The various grades refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are named:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"  
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"  
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"  
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"  
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

They are put up in barrels, half-barrels, and in 5 and 1 gallon sealed, white cans. All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture. They are handled by the higher class garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.



A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
CARS	Summary	Summary	Summary	Summary	Summary
Abbott Detroit	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
American	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Apperson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Atter	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Austin	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Bentley	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Bergdoll	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chadwick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Coche	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chadwick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cole	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia Knight	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Coupe Gear	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Croston-Keeton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Daimler	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Daimler Knight	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Darracq	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
De Dion	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Delahaye	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
DeLaunay-Belleville	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elmore	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Flender	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Franklin	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Gramm	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Gramm-Logan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hewitt (2 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hewitt (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hudson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
International	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Isotta	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Itala	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Jackson (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kelly	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kinsley	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Knox	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Krit	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lambert	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lancia	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mack	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Marion	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Marmon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Matheson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Maxwell (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes Knight	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Minerva Knight	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mitchell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National Knight	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Panhard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Panhard Knight	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pennsylvania	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rambler	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rapid	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Regal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Royal Tourist	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stanley	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns Knight	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard Dayton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard Dayton Knight	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Thomas	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Walter	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Welch	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Welch Detroit	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White (Gas)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White (Steam)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

General Sales Offices, 29 Broadway, New York City.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world.



*Warner*  
AUTO-METER

## A Business that Increased

*Why the Automobile Industry's Big Producers Chose the Warner*

**O**NE big fact looms clear above everything else. When the large manufacturers of high grade automobiles decided to make speedometers a part of their "regular equipment" for 1913, which instrument was chosen by the most important of these big producers?

¶ The Warner Auto-Meter.

¶ And this in spite of the fact that the Warner is the highest priced speed instrument in the world.

¶ Nineteen Thirteen was destined to be an equipment year. Automobile manufacturers decided the time had come when every car they put on the market had to be fully equipped with speedometer, top, windshield, etc.—all ready for use. This the public demanded.

¶ This prompted the big American producers to go over the accessory field with a fine, sharp tooth comb. Manufacturers of accessories (we, among all others) were summoned to the executive offices of these important automobile manufacturers and asked to explain, test and demonstrate our various wares. Facilities were investigated. Construction had to be explained. Principles described. Statements substantiated. Claims confirmed. Every known test, inspection and examination was brought into action. It surely was

to be the survival of the fittest. And those that were fittest, in each case, finished first, as usual.

¶ Knowing that the speedometer is the most vital part of a car's equipment, the manufacturers and their various staffs of engineers selected with utmost care and judgment. Price was not the essential consideration. Accuracy and quality were given first and final attention.

¶ After this most exacting series of thorough tests, the Warner was pronounced by America's foremost and shrewdest automobile manufacturers as the finest speed and mileage indicator in the world. And mind you each Warner costs these producers a much higher price than any other instrument made. But the additional price guaranteed so much additional value that they conceded it would be folly to equip with anything that could not measure up to the high Warner standard.

¶ Over 100,000 new cars will be equipped with Warner Auto-Meters for 1913. The manufacturers of these cars make our very finest American automobiles.

¶ As the price of the Warner is higher, its quality must be higher. You, as a business man must realize this. Nowadays in business no standard article can command and obtain a higher price unless it has something better

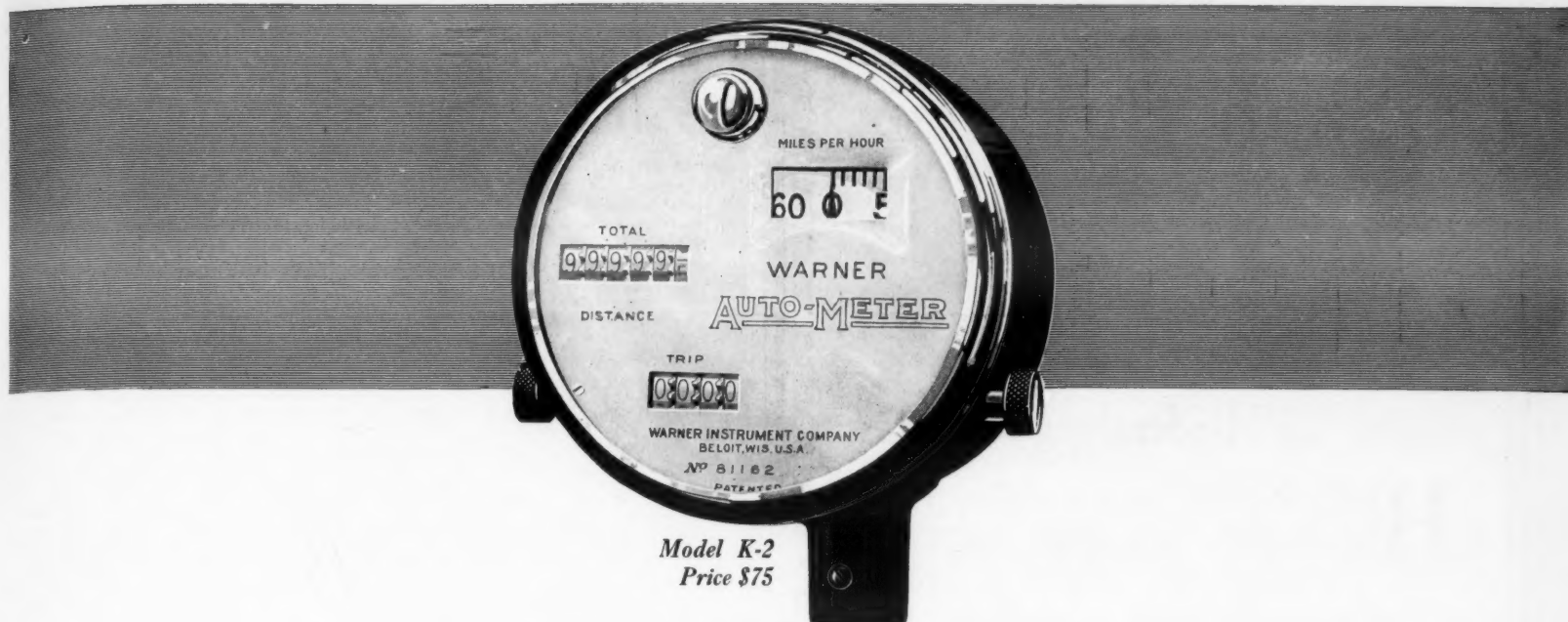
**The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin**

BRANCH HOUSES:

Atlanta	Buffalo	Cincinnati	Denver	Indianapolis
Boston	Chicago	Cleveland	Detroit	Kansas City
Los Angeles	Philadelphia	Portland, Ore.	Seattle	St. Louis
New York	Pittsburgh	San Francisco		

Canadian Branch: 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario





*Warner*  
AUTO-METER

## Over 400% in One Year

*The Natural Result of a Rigid Quality Plus Accuracy Test*

to offer. Keen competition would not permit this to exist.

¶ But the Warner has more to offer—considerably more. It is the only speed instrument made with a practical compensating device. In winter or summer, the speed or mileage register never varies the slightest bit. No climatic condition—no sudden change in temperature can affect it. It is always absolutely accurate and correct. This is an exclusive Warner feature.

¶ The Warner is the simplest instrument made. A permanent magnet, which revolves when the car is in motion, spins in exact ratio with the revolving wheel to which the instrument is attached. The magnetic "lines of force" creating a pull, pass through an aluminum disc and are concentrated by a stationary "keeper" of soft steel. The aluminum disc carries the speed figure in miles per hour and gives mileage registration and speed that is absolutely accurate.

¶ Small electric lights are located just above the speed dial so that night or day you can always see exactly what your speed is. This is an exclusive Warner feature.

¶ None but the choicest jewels are used in the interior Warner construction. The speed disc is mounted on four genuine Sapphire jewels. The pivot

rests on a perfect cap jewel. This is an exclusive Warner feature.

¶ The case of each Warner instrument is made of exceptionally heavy hand hammered brass. This is an exclusive Warner feature.

¶ By means of a special adjustment you can reset a Warner at any time or any speed just as easily as you would reset your watch. This is an exclusive Warner feature.

¶ And so we could go on explaining the many and various important exclusive Warner features. It is as finely made as the most expensive watch.

¶ The Warner Auto-Meter is the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world.

¶ When you select your 1913 car, take a good look at the speed indicator. This will give you a good line on the value of the car. If it's a Warner you can bank on that car being worth every cent asked for it.

¶ Warner Auto-Meters register 100,000 miles and repeat and 1000 miles and repeat. Priced from \$50 to \$145. For sale by dealers all over the world and at our branches listed below.

¶ Catalogue on request.

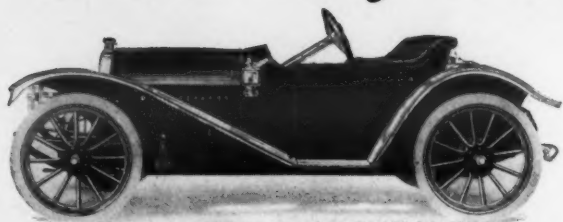
### The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

#### BRANCH HOUSES:

Atlanta	Buffalo	Cincinnati	Denver	Indianapolis
Boston	Chicago	Cleveland	Detroit	Kansas City
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Canadian Branch: 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

# I Shall Buy This



## Regal "25" Underslung Roadster

**B**ECAUSE primarily, it is a Regal "Underslung" and "Underslung" advantages are so pronounced that there is no doubt that this construction makes a car scientifically and practically "safe" to drive. "Economical" in tires, gasoline, wear and tear, "beautiful" to the eye, and gives a riding comfort that must be experienced to be appreciated.

This Regal Roadster is speedy—built a roadster every inch of it, and so well spoken of by several thousand owners that its record for durability and all 'round excellence is unquestioned.

## And That's Why I Shall Buy it

"It will give you other convincing arguments when you call upon a Regal Dealer, and see it and drive it for yourself."

### Some Specifications:

Motor 25 H. P.; 3 1/2 x 4 1/2; Wheel Base, 100 inches; Magneto and Batteries (dual ignition); Transmission (Selective) Hyatt Roller Bearings throughout Transmission and Axle; Three Speeds Forward, one Reverse; Morgan & Wright Tires, 32x3 1/2; Standard Equipment; Five Lamps; Generator; Horn; Complete Tool Equipment. (Folding Glass Windshield, Mohair Top, Top Boot, \$50 extra.)

ward, one Reverse; Morgan & Wright Tires, 32x3 1/2; Standard Equipment; Five Lamps; Generator; Horn; Complete Tool Equipment. (Folding Glass Windshield, Mohair Top, Top Boot, \$50 extra.)

Write for Booklet C of Regal Cars.

**Regal Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan**

## DIAMONDS - WATCHES ON CREDIT



Send for These Two Books—  
They Are Absolutely FREE!

Write for our handsome free catalog. It contains over two thousand (2,000) beautiful illustrations of diamonds, watches, solid gold jewelry, silverware and novelties at bargain prices. Select any article desired, have it sent to your own home or express office—no charges prepaid. If it is entirely satisfactory, send one-fifth the purchase price and keep the balance in eight equal monthly amounts. We are offering great bargains in ladies' and men's watches.

Our Blue Book, which tells "How Easy You Can Wear a Diamond or Watch by the Loftis System," answers every question that a person could ask about our liberal credit plan or concerning the purchase of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. It is beautifully embossed in blue and gold and is worth its weight in gold to anyone interested in our line.

Both of these books will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE UPON REQUEST. Write today.

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The Old Reliable, Original Diamond and Watch Credit House  
Dept. B 887, 100 to 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Branch Stores: Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.



Contains Over 2000 Illustrations

First Aid Always,—

# Dioxogen

keeps little hurts from getting big



Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

## Our Other Children

(Concluded from page 13)

The stout prosperous toy merchant, traveling to the Leipzig Toy Fair in March to order little sister's Christmas doll, along with some thousands of others, stops in New York or Chicago on his return to place an order with a dolls' outfitter for lingerie, dresses, jumpers, jackets, straw hats, furs, knit sweaters, crocheted socks and caps and hoods. He orders "snappy" designs, artistically patterned, carefully cut, worked out in simple gingham or ruffled taffeta.

### FOREIGN DOLLS DRESSED HERE

HIS order includes not only toilets for the naked German dolls soon to shiver in the ocean steamer, but also assorted sizes to be kept in open stock. The ready-made-clothing trade extends even to dolls' clothes. Ten-cent stores carry a line of coarse cotton kimonos; toy departments carry everything up to fetching red-silk, rubber-lined automobile coats. Just after Christmas there is a flurry in dolls' ready-made garments, when aunties and mothers come hurrying in with undressed dolls in their shopping bags, and on their faces harassed expressions that suggest impatient little sisters waiting at home.

Or perhaps aunty, when shopping for the Christmas doll, determined her choice upon seeing an American-made, unbreakable doll flung violently from a second gallery, to be picked up whole from the ground floor by a triumphant demonstrator—a smiling proof of indestructibility. Or maybe aunty was cajoled by a "character" doll, copied from some familiar picture and named a catchy phrase. Whether the doll was born abroad or a native, the chances are that an American manufacturer or outfitter put out the sewing of its clothes. Some manufacturers send out all the dressmaking, some part, some a part during the rush season, and a few none at all. Teddy bears' legs go also, and stuffed cats and Easter rabbits.

Five members of the Maletesto family work at dolls—mother and Raphaela, Carmela, Paulo, and Josie. Their ages run: twelve, eight, six, four. They have olive-white, triangular faces, high foreheads, small pointed chins. The sisters' hair is braided in thin, frowsy tails, tied with stringy color. Paulo seems always to be wearing out some one else's clothes.

Mother works steadily. The children off and on. (Josie, the four-year-old, has thrown a hate on dolls!) Raphaela and Carmela can spell mother at the sewing machine. Paulo and Josie can cut threads and turn romper legs. (Josie, the four-year-old, hates dolls for fair!)

The pay is 2 1/2 cents a dozen for rough petticoats, 5 cents a dozen for drawers, 30 cents a dozen for rompers. Figured out by the clock, you can earn from 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 cents an hour. Mother and Raphaela and Carmela and Paulo and Josie, all together, earn about \$5.50 a week, less 45 cents for thread and 20 cents car fare. One week, when the Christmas rush was on, they earned \$7.20. They worked late that week. (Santa Maria! Josie, the four-year-old, hates dolls something fierce!)

### PHILOMENA AND ISABELLA

ON several records I found the note "lost money by Timanbona." When I heard the story of Timanbona, I realized the utter helplessness of these scattered ignorant workers.

One morning last August, Philomena and Isabella dragged their chairs into the path of the sultry, tainted draft that drew down the airshaft and struggled through the kitchen. The room was intolerably hot. It was dark in the corners and dim everywhere except close by the airshaft window. The house jarred as elevated trains pounded by. Sounds came in at the airshaft window somewhat muffled—the rumble of passing drays, vendors' unintelligible cries, the shrill voices of children playing in the street.

Philomena, eleven years old, wore only a gauze shirt and a white petticoat. Sweat trickled down her backbone between her thin shoulder blades. Isabella, two years older, wore a single garment, a pink gingham jumper frock. Her bare legs, arms, and neck were fleabitten. Two sticky youngsters, fretted by the heat, whined about the room. A baby slept on a hot feather pillow.

The two little Italian girls were crocheting Irish lace. They sold it to a contractor, who, in turn, sold it perhaps to

a Fifth Avenue importing house. One famous New York store runs a laundry in this neighborhood for the sole purpose of washing, starching, and pressing the Irish crochet the women of the neighborhood make for the store. All through the terrible July heat and the long, muggy August days the little girls worked from morning till night.

As they sat with the sweat trickling down their backs, the work grimy between their fingers, a rumor came sobbing up the stair—a white-lipped rumor—crying that Timanbona, the contractor, had run away! Timanbona, who owed money to all who worked for him! He did not pay cash because, he said, he could not be bothered always making change. He said he would settle later. Meantime, he said, you were not spending your money foolishly. He owed Philomena and Isabella together \$51.01. They earned about 4 cents an hour. You can figure how many long hours, how many dreary days, how many weeks, even months, it had taken them to earn the \$51.01 they would never get.

They followed the rumor into the street. They ran along the unshaded pavement which sent heat waves up to meet the merciless beat of the sun; they rounded the corner to Timanbona's house, next door to the blue and green bottles in the drug-store window.

### CIVILIZATION MUST RAISE ITS HAND

THE whole block was filled with women, crying. The older ones held shawls over their heads to protect themselves from the terrible heat. Little girls, like Philomena and Isabella, had rushed half dressed from their homes. Some were creditors, some were friends. Each creditor held a small account book in her hand. Timanbona had been an accurate man. When you brought in work he wrote the amount due you in his big ledger and also in your account book. If you looked you saw the figures were the same.

The girls and women showed each other the pages on which Timanbona acknowledged their pitiful credits. The young girls made for him small collars of coarse thread. The older women made fine medallions. For a small collar a girl was credited 23 cents. For twelve medallions, which an accomplished worker can make in twelve hours, he paid 55 cents. Each worker provided her own thread. This reduced the earnings. The 55 cents' worth of medallions took 7 cents' worth of thread. The women had lost the labor of weeks and the money they had spent for thread.

Because this work is hard on the eyes, the workers have a saying: "We have to get blind for 23 cents," or 55 cents, mentioning the payment for the piece. The women gathered in front of Timanbona's house sobbed: "We have to get blind for nothing."

When a child, confused and helpless, stands in Mulberry Street, the watchful "cop" raises his restraining hand to stop great beer drays and express vans till the little thing has passed to safety. So to-day these delicate, vibrant beings, each an unknown possibility of the future, maybe your savior and mine, stand confused and helpless in the path of industry. We must raise the compelling hand of civilization to turn aside the heavy march of industry until the little thing has passed to safety.

It sometimes seems as if all joy were bought with others' pain. It sometimes seems as if the glittering Christmas tree, round which our happy children dance, stole its splendor from the dulled eyes of sad workers; as if its laden branches drooped with the weight of sorrowful burdens; as if its tinsel stirred with unheard sighs. It sometimes seems as if the gifts might vanish—the dolls, Teddy bears, new frocks, and pretty collars—and in their places we should see the hunger, sickness, weariness of those who worked upon them. In this new world in which we live to-day our lives are tangled with all other lives. We are kin to men and women we have never seen; we are parents to every child that needs our care. It is not enough that we are kind and generous to those we know. We must fend for the unknown—the weak, the stupid, and the strong who are pushed down. We must know the merchandise we buy is made in decent factories, within decent hours, at decent pay. God, send soon the Christmas Day when we can hang upon our trees gifts clean of suffering!



## Ingenuous Impressions

(Concluded from page 17)

Roman contempt upon the barbarians, scuttling in and out of the forest below them. Some of the catapult stones with which they instilled respect into said barbarians still remain in the tower, neatly turned and rounded as if some giant had been playing at marbles. Here, too, is the tower where Joan of Arc lodged when she came, a marvel and a portent out of the unknown, to lend a spark of her fire to the craven and poor-hearted king.

To attain to these sights, however, one must first get in at the fortified gate, a process achieved by pulling at a bell. "Sonnez fort," read the legend. The Bankeress followed instructions. She went at that bell handle with the fervor of a dentist after a wisdom tooth. Far away in the centuries a faint, bored sort of a bell tinkled. There was a stir inside, an eye contemplated us through a gun port in the massive wall, the gate opened, and a man, a woman, and a dog received us. The dog looked intelligent. So they locked him up for fear he might tell us something that we wanted to know. Then the woman wished the man on us and we proceeded in order. A mania for dates characterized this particular château ghost. His conversation all ended in ième, which is French for tenth. When his monologue touched upon Joan of Arc, he furnished a complete calendar of her life. Meanwhile the Bankeress, making a private exploration of her own, had discovered a most alluring, deep, dim, stone-walled shaft, ending in a rocky floor lighted by an iron-barred slit in the three-foot thick masonry. She said it was an oubliette, and seemed as proud as if she had built it herself.

An oubliette, if my French serves me, is a forgettery. In the good old days, if a person knew too much and exhibited symptoms of tactless memory, they simply said: "This will help you to forget," and inserted him in one of these mail chutes. By the time he reached the bottom he had usually forgotten. If not, they forgot him. The system worked perfectly either way. The Bankeress's oubliette was tastefully but simply furnished with one iron hook fixed in the wall. This, she thought, was probably put there out of kindness to the prisoner to enable him to hang himself if ennui beset him. On the other hand, the Banker pointed out that it was exactly the right height for a razor strop. Appealed to for a decision, the guide said that he didn't know the purpose of the hook, but that it was put there on the 12th of May in the year sixteen hundred and—

"This thing has got to be stopped right here," said the Banker and I in chorus.

SO handing the guide two francs, with a warning against the temptations of suddenly acquired wealth, we lifted him up and dropped him down the oubliette. (Happy dream!) After that we escaped to Tours, where we found the cathedral draped in pink cheesecloth—nobody would tell us whether some Saint's feast or the impending golf tournament was responsible—and went to bed somewhat depressed. First on the program for the morning was Azay-le-Rideau. When we inquired

from the head porter of the hotel about visiting it, he looked discouraged and said that the château was owned by the Government, which opened it only at rigidly set hours. We hinted at the use of monetary influences.

"But it is not the hour," said he, scandalized. "What Monsieur proposes, it is the anarchy."

NEVERTHELESS we went, and for three francs we made an Anarchist of a perfectly good Government guide, who threw the place open to us with an abandon almost vicious. At first glimpse of the place I realized that I had recklessly squandered on Chenonceaux a number of emotions which I ought to have saved against an emergency. For Azay-le-Rideau, despite the damnable mansard whose roof, even, is here transformed by jutting turret and sculptured window into shapeliness—Azay-le-Rideau is glamour's very self.

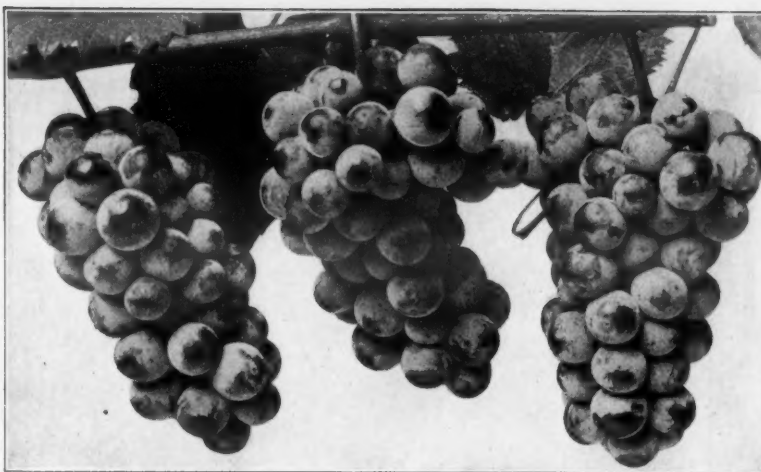
*This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise Thy voice and hand shake still, long known to thee*

*By flying hair and fluttering hem—the beat Following her daily of thy heart and feet, How passionately and irretrievably In what fond flight, how many ways and days!*

The château has taken that gauzy flush and ripple of water which is the Indre, and flung it about itself like a scarf of foam. And so it stands, girt round with the motion of swift waters, compassed in the soft greenery of forests, with something in it of youth, and something in it of music, and something in it of woman.

There were other châteaux to be seen: D'Ussé, little regarded of the textbooks, but of a singular simplicity of beauty, like a ballad in stone; Luynes, stately and stilled, above the Loire; Couzières, where the Abbé de Rancé, returning to his lady love, the beautiful Duchesse de Montbazou, after a long absence, bent and kissed her lips as she lay, only to have her severed head roll at his feet; Langeais, the impregnable, unhappily closed for the time against the public (I suppose the owner happens not to be hard up at the moment), with its neat little perforated overhangs, through which paving stones, molten metal, boiling water, and other testimonials of esteem can be dropped at need upon unwelcome visitors below; Beauregard, Fontevault, Cinq Mars—names that breathe enchantment in every syllable—until the eye and the mind were surfeited with fairness. But from all that welter of sight-seeing I brought back three memories clear and keen: the magic and mystery of Amboise, the grim splendor of Chinon, and the virgin glory of Azay-le-Rideau.

Some day, some golden day, when all the nickel-in-the-slot ticket boxes are abolished, and all the souvenir post cards are burned, and all the guides are comfortably hanged in chains, I shall die and go to Touraine, there to wander, a happy ghost, among all its wonders and beauties; and Azay-le-Rideau shall be the chosen place of my heart and of my haunting.



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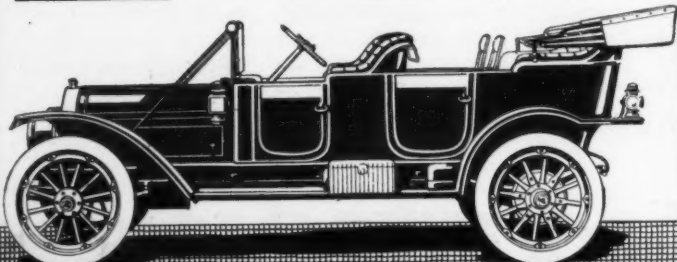
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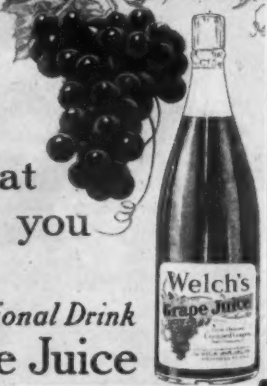
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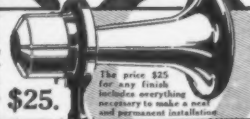
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## Copy

(Continued from page 20)

rents of life where the human driftwood is sucked down by crime—in the so-called underworld, where women sink beneath the heavy hand of fate.

I felt then that I was something besides the mere feminine me that cries out with dumb appeal for J—'s arms and lips—something more than the me that grovels inside my heart, teaching me the why—of the strange doings of women who cling to beasts—and who sin for them. Thank God for work. For the rattle of the typewriters, for the cuss words of the editors and the routine.

The hermit wants me to go to hear the orchestra. I wonder if the music would tear my heart open or heal it.

NOVEMBER 10—I haven't written anything for some days, for I've been too busy. With the beginning of cold weather the suffering among the poor has become intense. We get appeals for help every day—pitiful appeals scrawled on scraps of paper and often blistered with the tears of those who wrote.

It's all so needlessly tragic—so hopeless; yet it is so essentially life that it grips your heart with every passing hour.

I sat beside a little crippled lad last night till he died, and tried to comfort the mother. I'm trying to raise the money for the funeral. Thank heavens there are generous newspaper readers.

The night before I held a little newborn baby in my arms while the young father, wild-eyed and half crazed with hunger, prayed and sobbed and stormed, and cried out for work—work—any kind of work.

The "society" won't help them because they say he drinks.

Drinks? Why, we laugh at fellows in the office who "go on a souse."

I've drunk cocktails and occasionally champagne myself; and who wouldn't drink to escape those dark tenements? The wailing children, the cold and the slime, the shrill-voiced women, and the gaunt hand of hunger that clutches at your throat!

The "society" to whom I had reported the case told me acidly that through my paper \$78,598 had been "promiscuously" distributed among the poor within a few months, "encouraging pauperism." But I'm glad—glad.

It came to me while they talked—those smug men who didn't stop smoking or get up because I was "only a reporter"—that "the poor" they talked of were no longer just people under one set phrase to me.

THEY are Katie and Lizzie and little Jim, and Mollie's father and Mrs. Levinsky—human beings, with hopes and dreams and bodies to suffer and hearts to break. People? No, friends, neighbors, part of the blood of the city that throbs through its arteries. Oh, I wish I wasn't a newspaper woman. I know too much; I feel too much. I wish life were just a little well-ordered path again. It's cruel to see and feel and know and to be able to do so little.

Something is wrong with the world. Why isn't there enough work to go round? Why isn't there pleasure for girls—girls younger than me—other than flirting at street corners? Why isn't there sunshine for them and some of life's luxuries except on the path of shame?

I used to laugh at Socialists and turn up my nose at reformers and be humorous on the subject of settlement work; but now I know, and bow my head in admiration for their pitiful efforts to do something, hopelessly inadequate as it all is.

But it's good copy—a model city would mean a dearth of news. The turmoil and the bitterness and the suffering of the little folk, with their wise faces and baby hearts, is all fine stuff from our point of view.

Mr. H— says I'm the best "sob artist" in the business and my salary has been raised again—a big raise this time—but I've paid for it.

Oh, for the ignorance, the happiness, the girlish ideals that hedged me in before—

Still I've rented apartments instead of this miserable room, and I'm going to move in shortly—that's something. I suppose I'm succeeding, but the word is meaningless now—just dust and ashes in my mouth.

The hermit says that after a while I will find the happiness that lurks in the darkest tenements, the silver lining to life's clouds, and some day, he says, I may develop a sense of humor.

He isn't hopeful, however; neither am I; but that may be a good sign.

NOVEMBER 20—J—has left the paper. Oddly enough, I don't miss him, and I wouldn't have cared if he had stayed. I don't seem to feel him any more. Perhaps the suffering of others has healed the hurt he gave me—perhaps the hurt was only to my pride, my sense of dignity, and not my heart. I wonder—

NOVEMBER 21—I have a perfect duck of a new evening gown. The first really pretty one I was ever able to afford, and I'm going to wear it to the opera to-night. I'm going with the hermit and his mother. She is a great dear and seems to have taken a fancy to me; and now I come to think of it, their house is the only "home" to which I go.

I go to cafés and hotels to dinners and suppers with newspaper people, or those with whom my work brings me in contact. I am familiar with working in kitchenettes and the knack of repacking a whole dinner's dishes back into one small caterer's basket, but no place else is there the quiet comfort of my hermit's house. I feel all woman when I get there.

HE comes of an awfully good family. I was glad I was able to tell his mother about my own pedigree. It seems so strange to be thinking of myself as a descendant again instead of an ascendant, if there is such a word. I wish the hermit didn't know so much about J— and about my foolishness.

Why wasn't I content with my books and work till I had made nice friends outside of the profession?

I wonder if all girls make that mistake—if they are all swept off their feet by the novelty and the charm and the camaraderie of it all? Are they all caught in the Maelstrom of it? I wish I knew.

NOVEMBER 23—Will I ever escape the fear of death, I wonder? The tangible horror of their still, white faces? I have seen so many dead during the passing months. Those who have died by violence or hunger or sickness, young and old. I have even ventured, nauseated and afraid, down into the morgue among those dripping slabs and seen the dirty canvas pulled back from livid faces, bloated and swollen from the water into which they had flung themselves—and went sleepless for nights afterward. But I can't get over the choking fear of it, and to-day I was brought face to face with its tragedy again. I interviewed in jail the "other woman" in a murder case.

She knew, I think, that the man who loved her had killed his wife for love of her. Knew that her gray eyes were the lure that had wrecked his home, but when I stammered my sympathy, and said that I would like to do something for her, she thanked me and begged for—a powder puff.

Oh, the eternal feminine!

The people who read of her, who hear of her unhappy life and the price she paid for being pretty, will pity—because she deserves pity; but the most pathetic thing of all is that tragic hardness, that warped vanity that offers no chance for the future—only more shame, more sin; and she is still scarcely more than a child. I think, after all, there is pathos in that powder puff which I sent her. Although perhaps not, for I don't believe even I would like to have a shiny nose, in jail or out—but then I'm a woman, too.

NOVEMBER 24—I'm afraid the hermit is falling in love with me. I don't say it through vanity, but through a terrible fear that I may lose the friend because I shall have to refuse the lover.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I am so fond of him; but somehow I can't fall in love. I adore his mother, his home—yes, and him—but differently. Something cold fell on my heart when I heard that J— was married. And, too, I felt as if a veil had been rent from my blinded mind. I saw myself as others must have seen me—a gay, indifferent newspaper reporter—knowing of sin and naked vice, laughing and drinking among gay crowds at the cafés. What matter if it were only lemonade or an occasional fizz—how did they know? I have gone to somewhat bohemian gatherings with the "fellows at the office" and sometimes their wives—for the comradeship, the glad little feeling of being a "newspaper man," and I have met lots of other girls there.

I used to wonder why I didn't like them.



## Copy

(Concluded from page 30)

Now I know—probably they didn't like me either. We each one shrank from the others because we saw the wrong for them instead of for ourselves.

That sounds involved, but I can't straighten it out. The hermit would, but I can't ask him either. I feel a hot little sense of shame to know how much he has seen—to remember that it was he who got me out of jail; that it was he who helped me over the day when I learned about J—'s wife. I know he has heard of my trips about, because everybody knows. Oh, what a fool a girl is to think that because she does a man's work in a man's world that she has the liberty or, at any rate, the chance of having the fun of a man. No matter how clean your inner conscience, how strong your sense of personal dignity, the world doesn't see and doesn't believe.

I hate newspaper work, but I can't give it up now; it's too deep in my heart. I want it as an old toper wants his toddy, and I don't believe I can ever love the hermit or anyone else. My soul and heart have turned to copy, my love songs are the telegraph instruments, my sonnets the rattle of the linotype machines, with the thunder of the presses to sing the accompaniment.

NOVEMBER 25—I went out to interview an old man who has invented a violin, said to have the tone of a fine Cremona, to-day. It made my heart ache. His little children were gathered about him and his eyes were full of the fire of the enthusiast, but his mouth was drawn with those lines of failure I have learned to know so well.

He played a little for me, and beneath the melody there sang another song, the song of the man's soul—the song, of the man who, because the music throbs and leaps in his blood, paints in his own distorted mind the beauty of tone in his violins. Beauty that lies only in his imagination—the infinite tragedy of a lifetime devoted to his pitiful invention. But I could not tell him—how could I? Life is very cruel, as I've said many times before, and yet such is the irony of every day, the changing of the moving pictures that fate sends upon the screen of the city, that when I got back I had to go out and hear the comic story of two women and a cat—the cat owned by one woman, the kittens born in the yard of the other; and the question is: Who owns which?

To be sure, nobody really wants the kittens, and they claim ownership only to drown the poor little blind things; but each thinks the other an "interfering blatherskite" of a woman, and hence the trouble. To add to the difficulty, one woman accuses the other of "putting a spell" upon the cat to make it wander from home and threatens suit for witchcraft. Oh, how good it is to remember how much laughter there is to offset the tears!

THANKSGIVING DAY—I took dinner at the hermit's house, because it was too far to go home, and I couldn't get time enough off. His married sister, her husband, and children were there. They, or rather she, didn't like me. She sniffed when she tried to be interested in my "career." Spoke of its "rubbing the bloom off." I wanted to tell her that hers was rubbing off too, for it was much brighter on one cheek than on the other, but I didn't dare.

She's frightfully fashionable, I believe—social register and all that sort of thing. Bah! What do I care? I'm not going to marry the hermit anyway.

DECEMBER 10—We're getting up a big Christmas festival for the youngsters and the hermit is helping me.

I never thought he'd care for children, but it's wonderful to see him with them.

I wish—no, I don't—I want to work. I want good copy. And it's getting good—phrases, fine sentences, newly learned words, come seething up out of my heart and fill me with a tingling sensation of power. I feel the brushing of something elusive—something I am going to get some day, although it's just beyond my reach now.

I want to write, write, write. Surely if life is as full of stories as I have found it, the realm of fiction must be full of untrod forests of thought, and I am going there—I'm going to wrest success out of it all; I'm going to create because I must—great books, great stories—and this

newspaper work must be a stepping-stone—it must—it must—

DECEMBER 17—Christmas is almost here. I know now the hermit loves me. I've had a story accepted by a big magazine, and an offer of more money and a better chance on another paper. It means going to New York, though.

DECEMBER 25—Christmas. God rest ye, merry gentlemen. How many happy homes, how many desolate ones to-day's sun shines on! The chimes may sing a carol or toll a knell. It's as tragic a day as it is a happy one, and it is the first Christmas I ever spent away from home. I couldn't go back this year, though, because my Christmas work, our Christmas toy-giving, and the necessity of giving out clothes and food as well kept me busy till dawn to-day; but, thank Heaven, many hundreds of children and fathers and mothers are the happier for it all.

I went to church with the hermit, and he asked me to marry him. I want to—oh, I want to—but I want other things as well.

My brain leaps up and jeers at my wistful, struggling feminine heart. Am I a woman, with a real woman's soul, I wonder, or only a cog that turns out good copy?

I've written two letters, one to that other paper, saying that I will come to work on Monday; the other to the hermit, telling him that I love him—I want him.

Which shall I send?

The situation would make good copy if it wasn't just me.

Which shall I send? The hermit deserves so much better than I with all my love can give him. I should want so much more than he can give me—and yet—

He loves the feminine side of me. He sees and he wants the woman. But I'm not just woman. There's the machine, too, and the seething brain of me that demands the right to freedom of thought—the right to conceive books, to write of life.

I'VE lost the domestic instinct. I lost it, I think, when my last bubble illusion was shattered by J—. I feel old and hard even when I am most tender, most in love. The hermit wants to take me out of the newspaper business. He wants to shelter and protect me—because that is the way he loves. And I—I could laugh if I were not so close to tears. I sheltered and protected! I who have touched the throbbing pulse of life itself. I who have learned to walk without fear into the darkness of blind alleys and filthy courts of the city. I who have for many, many months been fairly steeped in the shame of life and its vice. Why should I be protected? The belligerent me that works demands not protection but a chance to labor side by side with man. There is a primal demand within me for my mate, but also for the right to fight and labor with him. But I know I could not. I should be chained, shackled with roses, but none the less shackled.

Which letter shall I send—which?

I want to be happy—I want to be happy. I want love just as other women want it—and little children. I want the comfort of my hermit's presence, yet I know that within me the demand to write and work is too deeply ingrained for even the hand of love to tear it out. I know that by the exultant thrill that goes through me at the dream of new laurels. I know it because I can and am reducing my turmoil of soul to writing. I am—even while every quivering atom of me cries out against it—making my love "copy."

How, then, can I expect to find happiness? No, not to find it—to give it to my hermit?

Oh, God, haven't I suffered?—haven't I? There is the hermit's side, too. I don't want to hurt him. He couldn't understand all this. That's the hardest part—he cannot understand. J— would have, and yet I was not like this when I thought I loved him. Oh, if I could only have given my hermit that wistful girl-love, that tenderness—if I could only feel that longing for home and household task! But I can't. It is the woman who loves the hermit, the woman that has grown out of my work—that's the tragedy of it.

I HAVE read both letters again. Which shall I send?

I wish I could write to the woman's page editor and ask her, but she wouldn't understand either.

Which shall I send?



## WINCHESTER

### Rifles and Cartridges

A man who travels the distance and incurs the expense generally necessary to get into big game hunting country should not run the risk of having his time, money and effort all go for naught by taking a rifle or cartridges that may fail him at the supreme moment. The surest way to guard against such a disappointing experience is by equipping with a Winchester rifle and Winchester make of cartridges. They come as near to being infallible as guns and ammunition can be made. Not only are they dependable, but they are made in calibers suitable for hunting all kinds of game. Remember

**THE RED W BRAND NEVER DISAPPOINTS**

Models for every line of business



## The WALEs is Distinctive as is its 5 Year Guarantee

The following features of construction are confined exclusively to the WALEs: Printed items and totals in same line of vision—automatic "clear signal"—mechanical governor unaffected by heat or cold.

The WALEs was first with other features, such as flexible keyboard, individual steel type, etc., etc. This is why we claim the

## WALEs Visible Adding and Listing Machine

to be as distinctive as its exclusive 5-year guarantee, which is given in writing, signed, sealed and handed to the buyer as part of the sale.

The WALEs 5-year guarantee is as good as a promissory note, entitling the holder to recover from this company, which is rated at over one million dollars.

Coupon will bring more facts of interest. Free Trial. Easy payments if you wish.

### The Adder Machine Company

263 Walnut St., Kingston Sta., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Agents in all Leading Cities

Pin Coupon to your Letter head

Send particulars of your free trial offer and booklet describing the WALEs Visible.

Name

Address

Business Collier's, July 20, '12.

**In the 500,000 homes into which Collier's goes each week, there are dozens of able men and women who are on the lookout for an opportunity to better their present position and increase their earning capacity.**

**If you have a commodity to sell and want to put it on the market, COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED COLUMNS can help you.**

**There are many concerns advertising nationally to-day and doing a tremendous business, who are graduates of this Department.**

**Each advertisement is carefully scrutinized and those containing exaggerated or misleading statements are excluded from our columns.**

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**THE CORRUSTONE GAS-FLAME SPREADER** spreads flame over entire bottom of skillet. Cooks evenly. Saves gas and scorching. Sells rapidly for 35 cents. Quick handsome profits and exclusive territory to good salesmen. Thomas C. Bemis, Indianapolis, Ind.

**SALESMEN MAKING SMALL TOWNS JUST** what you want pocket sideline. Something new, snappy, catchy. Quick shipments, prompt commissions. State territory covered. Write. Burd Mfg. Co., 212 Sigsbee St., Chicago.

**TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED IN N. Y., Pa., S. Atlantic and Gulf States east of Texas, O., Ind., Kan., Mo., Col., Mont., Ore., Canada, and other good territory, to place local agencies for M-M motorcycles, and a new machine we are just launching on the market. Liberal commission on initial and subsequent sales, making large income possible. Can be handled alone or in conjunction with other lines. We wish to negotiate only with men of experience, good address and personal appearance. Address American Motor Co., 810 Center St., Brockton, Mass.**

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**WANTED—LIVE MAN TO TAKE ORDERS** for our Handy Dandy made-to-measure men's tailored suits from \$10.00 to \$25.00. We furnish elegant large book outfit free of charge. Experience not essential, we want a hustler. Splendid opportunity to make big money. The Handy Dandy Line, 415 So. Sangamon St., Chicago.

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**HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SELL? WHY** not have a representative in the Hub of the New World, Toronto, Canada. Make me an offer, it must be bona fide. I have office, phones and good security. W. G. Blackwell, 2 Tennis Crest, Toronto, Can.

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**MEN WANTED EVERYWHERE IMMEDIATELY** to go in business for themselves.—We want one man in each town who has \$600 to \$1200 to put in Hatfield Safety Razor Blade Sharpening Machines. Put them in prominent windows, send out agents to solicit trade in sharpening safety razor blades, and make more money than you ever dreamed of making!—We show you how to get trade sure and quickly.—Make large weekly income!—Men of ambition and good character write us at once and let us tell you about it. The Hyfield Mfg. Co., 48 Franklin St., N. Y.

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**IRRIGATED ORCHARD LANDS, BITTER** Root Valley, Ravalli County, Montana; 32 acres excellent orchard land for sale cheap. Cash or development plan. Highest references. For full details, write, Hamilton Thacher, Corvallis, Montana.

### TEXAS

**WRITE FOR "FARMERS' OWN LETTERS"** telling how they are making good in Texas Panhandle. It's free and may show the way to you. You can buy fertile land in the Panhandle for \$20 acre, nothing down—9 years to pay—only 6% interest. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., AT&SF Ry., 1838 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

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**BE AN AUTO EXPERT. FINE POSITIONS** open. Easy work, Big Pay. We teach you at home by charts, diagrams and model. Highest endorsements. Small payment to start. Write for new 1912 book—Free. Practical Auto School, 115A Pearl Street, New York.

## COLLECTIONS

**BYRON DE FOREST, COLLECTOR OF BAD** Bills, Great Falls, Montana. "Makes life Miserable for Dead-beats." I do nothing but collect and get results. Write for terms and references.

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**ARITHSTYLE, HANDIEST, FASTEST, CHEAPEST,** computing machine, portable, durable, reliable, carries automatically, resets instantaneously; calculates everything; saves work, worry and mistakes. Reliable agents desired everywhere. Three selling plans. Request full particulars. Arithstyle Co., 118 E. 28th St., New York.

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**YOU ARE LOOKING FOR MORE LONG GREEN.** Our soap and toilet article combinations have every ear-mark of being the real Coin Getters.—we can prove that they are. Write for our convincing proofs. Davis Soap Works, 210 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

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**EARN A STEADY INCOME SELLING THE** only perfect vacuum cleaner retailing for \$3.50. Big profits. Plenty repeat orders. Exclusive territory. Unique selling plan. Write today. Everybody, 42 E. 23rd St., New York.

**AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO** sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 240 Bar St., Canton, O.

**AGENTS—\$1000 ACCIDENT POLICY FOR** \$1.00 yearly. Everyone buys when convinced Company is sound. \$250,000 deposited with State for policy-holders protection. Liberal Commissions. Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

**AGENTS: FOR "EVERBRITE" GOLD GLASS** for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

**LITTLE GIANT LIFT AND FORCE PUMP.** Saves plumber's bills. Removes all stoppages in waste pipes. Absolute monopoly if you are a producer. Write for our new agent's plan. J. E. Kennedy, Dept. C, 41 Park Row, New York.

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**THE LARGEST NUMBER OF SUCCESSFUL** clients is our proof of Patents that Protect. Send 5c stamps for new 128 p. book of Vital Interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1892.

**DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING**

**WE ARE EQUIPPED TO MAKE DIES AND** metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

**PICTURE PLAYWRIGHTS' SCHOOLS**

**MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. YOU** can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free Ask'd M. P. Schools, 709 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

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**LARGEST STOCK OF TYPEWRITERS IN** America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. 1/4 to 1 1/2 mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121. Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

**HUSTLING AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR** fast selling Sanitary Household Brushes. Steady work. Big profits. Postal brings particulars. Dept. D. Hale & Kavanek, New Britain, Conn.

**MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING "KOTE-ON"** silver powder to jewelers, dept. stores, restaurants, homes, etc. Cleans, polishes and plates with real silver. Write for particulars. Kote-On Co., 106 Fulton St., N. Y. C.

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**A 400% PROFIT GLIDING CASTERS—JUST** out. We want Agents capable earning \$50.00 a week. Exclusive territory with own sub agents. Set costs 3c. Sells 10 to 25c. Homes buy 5 to 40 sets. Hotels 50 to 500 sets. Anyone can attach. Noiseless. Save Carpets, Furniture and Won't Scratch Floors. Sensational agents' Bonanza. Samples 4c. Evergrip Caster Co., 208 Warren St., N. Y.

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**LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES BOUGHT. WE** pay higher cash values than the issuing company for ton-tine or deferred dividend policies 1 to 5 years before maturity. Write for explanatory booklet. Charles E. Shepard & Co., Inc., established 1886, 38 Liberty St., New York.

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## COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED COLUMNS

**A PAGE DEVOTED TO SMALLER ADVER-** tisements divided into different classifications. This page offers many opportunities to many people—and those who read the advertisements may rest assured that the claims made have been thoroughly investigated and found to be in every way reliable. Rate per line, \$2.50 with 35 discount for cash with the order. Four lines smallest, and fifteen lines largest, copy accepted. There is a 10% discount allowed on six-time consecutive orders, all deducted from each sixth insertion. For further information write Collier's Classified Columns, 423 West 13th St., New York.

## —If you are looking for an opportunity

to earn money at home, or if you are looking for a position as an agent or a salesman, or if you are in need of a man to fill a responsible position—read Collier's Classified Columns.

If you want to go one step farther and practically make sure of finding what you want

—advertise your desires in Collier's Classified Columns.

The classified advertisements in Collier's are the cream of the best "want ads" in the whole United States.

It is a pretty safe assumption that a man doesn't advertise his wants in a national magazine unless those wants are well worth advertising.

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The papers of any city or town cover one comparatively small locality, and only one. They may introduce you to the man or the opportunity you are seeking, and again they may not. You may live in New York or Chicago or San Francisco—while the man or the opening you want may be in Butte or New Orleans.

Collier's Classified Columns correspond to the "want" columns of the daily newspaper, but their field is infinitely broader and more effective, both on account of the extent of Collier's circulation and because of the fact that the advertisements make not a general appeal every day, but a concentrated appeal once every two weeks.

Collier's Classified Columns appear only in the first and third issue of each month.

They have a national circulation among readers who have positions to give and brains to offer.

If you want anybody or anything worth wanting write to

**Collier's Classified Columns**  
416 West 13th Street, New York City



**Simplified,  
Inexpensive  
Sweeping**

There is but one cleaning device ever invented possessing the maximum cleaning efficiency at the minimum cost to the purchaser, namely:

**BISSELL'S**  
"Cyco" BALL-BEARING Sweeper

A more touch propels it, while the rapidly revolving brush lifts the fine dust and grit out of the carpet or rug, depositing it in the pan receptacles confining all the dust, making sweeping a positive pleasure instead of a drudgery. No injury to fine carpets or rugs when you use the Bissell Sweeper; no changing of the brush when sweeping the different grades of carpets as the brush adjusts itself automatically.

The Bissell Sweeper is absolutely the only efficient cleaning device that the masses of the people can afford to buy. \$2.75 to \$5.75 buys the very latest improved BALL-BEARING BISSSELL'S, and it will last 10 to 20 years. Write for booklet.

**Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.**  
Dept. U, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
(Largest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Manufacturers in the World.)

(28)

**Sheboygan**  
Mineral Water and  
Ginger Ale

**"The Chief of Them All"**

The Mineral Water! Famous for sparkling purity and healthful deliciousness—  
The Ginger Ale! Made famous by the mineral water. With the "tang" and zest and flavor of the REAL Ginger.

Served in all leading Hotels, Clubs and Cafes. Sold by most Grocers and Druggists catering to QUALITY.

Sheboygan Mineral Water Co.  
Sheboygan, Wis.

(10)

**Sheboygan**  
MINERAL WATER  
AND  
GINGER ALE

**Write for a  
Sample Cake**

For 2c, we'll send you a sample of

**JERGENS**  
Violet Glycerine Soap

enough for a week. In this crystal clear soap, we have caught the real fragrance of fresh violets. Write today for your sample.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. T, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

**FILMS DEVELOPED**  
10 CENTS PER ROLL

ALL SIZES  
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 30;  
3 1/2 x 3 1/2, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 4c; 4 x 5, 3a 5c.

Send us two negatives and we will print them without charge as a sample of our work; we are film specialists and give you better results than you have ever had.

**COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.**

**WURLITZER** FREE  
New Band Catalog

300 pages. Thousands of illustrations. Every musical instrument. Highest quality and lowest prices. Easy payments. Write today and mention instrument you are interested in.

**The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.**  
124 E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati 332 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

**Every Member of the Family**

Have your own personal "Tyco's" Fever Thermometer, and save the doctor the necessity of sterilizing his every time. A "Tyco's" for every one in the family is the sanitary way. If your druggist hasn't it, send us \$1.50 for a 1-minute "Tyco's" Fever Thermometer. Accept no other.

**TAYLOR INSTRUMENT COMPANIES**  
608 West Avenue Rochester, N. Y.  
"Where Tyco's Thermometers Come From."

## Whatsoever a Man Soweth

(Continued from page 19)

passed on up Sutter Street, and in a few moments Lanagan picked me up, his sal-low face taking on a tinge of color and his dark eyes sparkling.

"Pretty near scrambled the eggs that time, didn't you?" he chuckled. "That's the woman who did the telephoning."

I stared.

"Do you recall that furtive look with which she followed me at the office? She lives just up there, where we will let her rest for a time with her troubles. And I fancy she has them. Let us go back to Connors. I am to meet Monahan there."

**T**HE King was waiting for us. He took Lanagan to one side. All I could hear was Lanagan's "Good!" once, and then the King had slipped out the side door.

"Best single asset the police have is Monahan," said Lanagan, apropos of nothing in particular. "Knows more about the night life of this city than any four men in it. But he tips nothing that might hurt his own game or his own people. In a way he preserves a certain code even while acting as a police 'stool.' In this matter, however, the invaluable Mr. Monahan is working for Jack Lanagan; and the police are consequently about three laps behind. I see nothing in sight for some hours. We will eat our dinner and take in a show for a few moments. I rather anticipate a climax later and some rapid-fire work for us both on the typewriter. I need a little stimulus—that hasn't got wormwood in it."

He would give me absolutely not a line on his "lay." He could be a baffling, enigmatic, impersonal proposition when he took the humor.

We headed for the Oyster Loaf, and I groaned for the four and a half that was between me and pay day as Lanagan methodically disposed of an onion soup, special; French mushrooms on toast, a New York cut, Gorgonzola, and a two-bit cigar. He drank three glasses of ice water, but that didn't cost anything.

"A man's meal," he said with vast creature content. "Now give me that other half you have left. I want a shave. You go up and touch Dan for a five-spot. We may need expenses later. I'll meet you at Dan's at nine o'clock. I want to pick Monahan up again before I see you, and also see Leslie."

**A**T the time appointed we met. "Let's take a ten-twenty-thirty," suggested Lanagan. "By half-past ten we will have to get busy. There's a singer over at the Continental that some of the dramatic critics say has real fire. La Pattini, I think she is called."

So we drifted in to the Continental and caught part of the performance. There were trained birds of more than ordinary sagacity; the stereotyped and fearful cornet soloist; the girl singer, La Pattini, with a wonderful mezzo, remarkable beauty, an undoubted future, and an ability to sing the "Rosary" in a manner to bring tears. Then came a slap-stick tumbling act that was impossible, and we left.

Lanagan had suddenly become thoughtful. "Do you know what I think?" he said. "I think the world would actually do better to sweep away every vestige of law and ordinance and make a clean start again. Our system of punishment is all wrong. Take one heinous class of crimes: we punish the individual who takes it upon herself to punish. We say the State has the power of punishment and the prerogative; and yet in the very crimes that are the most damnable, the State can never interfere because the injured party must suffer in silence. You might as well expect children to learn English through hieroglyphics as make applicable to present-day conditions the antiquated penal code to which society is harnessed. That's about enough of the sermon stuff. It's not in my line."

**L**ANAGAN was taking the lead, but I was not altogether surprised when we finally found ourselves in the neighborhood of the Northrup home. Nor was I altogether surprised when Chief Leslie, that shrewd and veteran thief taker, suddenly stepped from a doorway. My mind shot ahead to the Northrup home, a few doors away, and I could not bring myself to believe it could be possible that she was a principal.

"Brady is above," said Leslie. "He says she came in about twenty minutes ago. We had better move on her."

"Immediately," said Lanagan, and in a moment more we were all three before the door to a lower flat of the old-fashioned

sort, with a bell jangling noisily as Lanagan pulled out the handle.

It was Miss Northrup who answered the ring. She had on a dressing gown, and her hair, I could see, had been taken down for retiring and then gathered in a loose coil on her head, probably when the bell rang. She opened the door but a few inches.

"We would like to speak with you a moment, Miss Northrup," said Lanagan. He indicated the chief. "This is Chief Leslie."

"Kindly permit us to enter," said the chief. There was a shadow of authority in his tone, and I knew that Lanagan and the chief were planning a drive on the girl and that something would be stirring in this old-fashioned flat before long. She hesitated a moment and then threw the door wide open and motioned us into the parlor. In the hall a gas jet burned dimly, as though for some member of the family who was not yet home.

**S**HE reached up and turned on the parlor light, and as she did so her loosely coiled hair tumbled about her shoulders. As the light struck down upon her features they had an appearance almost tragic. "Be seated," she said; it needed no expert eye to detect in her drawn lips the evidence of nervous tension.

"Madam," said Leslie abruptly, snapping his jaws like a trap—and I knew this twenty-year-old girl was in for the third degree—"unless you at this time make a clean breast of all that you know concerning the murder of your employer, Ralph Montague, it will be necessary for me to book you for murder as an accessory before the fact."

She started violently; her bosom began to rise and fall quickly; it was evident a breakdown was imminent, but she managed to say with considerable smoothness: "I know nothing more than I have already told the police and the reporters."

Lanagan, fierce eagerness glittering in his eyes, stepped before her.

"Nevertheless, possibly you know," he said, biting each word off short, "how many persons besides yourself and Bartlett, Montague's former chauffeur, who bought it, knew of the rope in his closet; knew that Montague had a morbid fear of being trapped in that building at night by fire; that he had had that fear since his friend Mervin was burned to death in the Baldwin Hotel fire; that he let no one know about the rope for fear of being ridiculed? How many persons, I say, besides yourself and Bartlett, knew the rope was there? And when you knew that that rope had disappeared, as you must have known it, why didn't you tell the police? Why did you permit a man to lie in prison whom you in your heart feel is innocent?"

She sprang to her feet and threw both hands toward him as though warding off physical blows. She was trembling in intense agitation.

"Don't! Don't! For God's sake, don't!"

She sank back again into her chair, her face buried in her hands, rocking and moaning, with Lanagan standing over her, inexorable as Nemesis.

**T**HERE was the sound of quick, light running up the front stairs, a key was turned in the lock, the front door swung open, and the girl in the chair, startled from her huddled misery, sprang to her feet and fairly leaped to meet the newcomer. She cried out, but whether in warning or in the joy of greeting could not be said, for her voice was half-smothered in a sob.

"Sister!" she said at last falteringly. "Sister, please go to your room. It is only some more policemen about Mr. Montague!" The words came chokingly. The other had not as yet come into our sight, but now she stepped into the light that streamed from the parlor into the hall—and I heard Lanagan's swift, involuntary ejaculation:

"La Pattini! Her sister!"

Leslie, swift as thought, was half across the parlor floor to the hall, yielding to a natural police impulse, but the newcomer, the other girl clinging to her, stepped fully into the doorway to the parlor.

"Yes," she said in a voice that had no tremor of emotion, "La Pattini. Her sister. Why?"

"Why?" said Leslie, grimly. "Because we were just going to book her for murder as an accessory before the fact. We will switch the cut now and book you as the principal."

At the feet of the queenly La Pattini

## "Boys Will Be Boys"



There's a strong bond of fellowship between every father and son at the breakfast table when it's Kellogg's that's served.

It's the favorite food of both. The son likes it because it tastes the best of 'em all. Father likes it for the same reason and because he knows Kellogg's is always fresh.

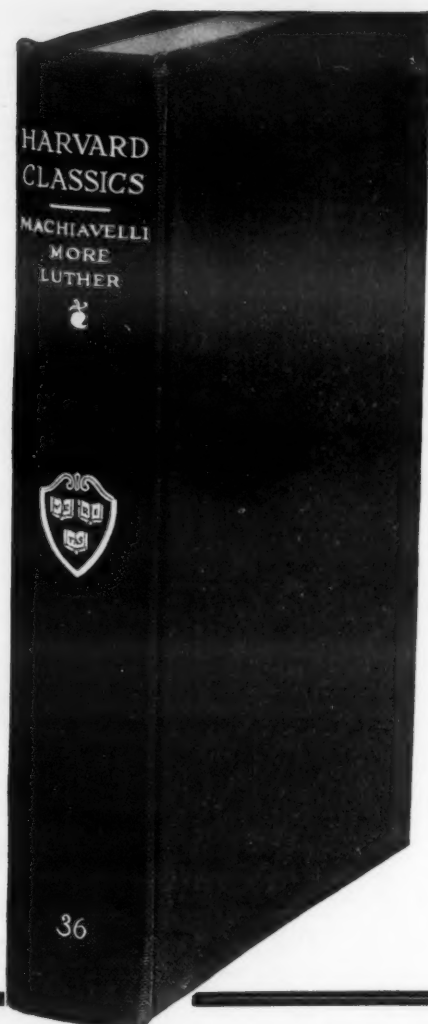
Kellogg's way of making and marketing the food insures freshness. Every package goes right from the ovens to the waiting cars. Other cereals are often six months old on the grocer's shelves. Not so with Kellogg's. It's the tasty flavor and the dependable freshness that makes everyone so fond of it.



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## Whatsoever a Man Soweth

(Concluded from page 33)

the harassed sister swooned. Lanagan pulled shut the door leading to the hall so that no one might by any mischance disturb us, and I fell to chafing the wrists of the senseless girl.

La Pattini sank wearily to a chair, stooping so that she could stroke her sister's temples.

"I am glad it is over," she said, apathetically. "I have only wondered that it did not come sooner. I have expected it hourly."

The story was soon told: simple, age-old, but ever new, sordid possibly to a slight degree, but profoundly sad. She who was now known as La Pattini met Monteagle while visiting her sister at his office. He had found means to extend the acquaintance, had aided her in a secret way in her ambitions for the stage, securing the engagement at the Continental for her, and as a result of the clandestine relation there had been a promise of marriage. Then had come the engagement announcements of the Dennison-Monteagle marriage and the awakening of the dupe. But this was not the dupe of Monteagle's many experiences. The picture of Miss Dennison, staring at her from the society columns, had fired a sinister jealousy.

**A** CONFESSION had been made to the younger sister when La Pattini sought an opportunity of pleading once again alone with Monteagle, who had finally repudiated her. The sister had admitted her to the office after Monteagle left for the afternoon, knowing he was to return in the evening. She concealed herself in the closet.

Before she entered the office her plan had been formed. Either Monteagle would marry her or he should die. At that time she had no thought of escaping. She had heard the telephone ringing repeatedly; heard the elevator boy enter the room just too late to get the party calling.

Finally Monteagle had arrived and she had discovered herself. What happened was quickly over. The quarrel was of few words, and he had struck her with his fist. She stabbed him to the heart, and then with a vindictiveness that she could not now understand and shuddered at recalling had marred his features with the knife. Her first thought had been to give herself up. Then she wondered why she should do that. The brief words of their quarrel had not been heard; the janitor she could hear on the floor above. After all, she had done no more than kill a snake.

The thought of the rope came to her. She knew about it, because once when she was in the office as Monteagle worked late she had expressed anxiety at being seen coming from the building with him, and he had showed her the rope and jokingly offered to let her down from the window, which opened upon a divisional alley in the rear of the Sutton building.

**T**HE rope was of great length. Seeking for a place to tie it, she naturally turned to the radiator. The thought occurred to her with a flash her means of escape from the room might never be known if the rope was long enough to run under the radiator, letting both ends to the ground. She could then draw it down after she reached the ground by pulling on one end and letting it run under the radiator like a pulley. She tried the length, the light from the windows of the elevator shaft, opening into the areaway, giving sufficient brightness.

"As part of the preparation for the future on the stage that Mr. Monteagle was to help me get," she said, dispassionately, "I have taken gymnasium work to build up my system. You can see it was no extraordinary thing for me to let myself down by the double rope, pulling the window shut after I climbed out. I let it open enough so that the rope could run free when I pulled it after me. I threw the rope in a street garbage tin. I was at the theatre, remarkable as it may seem, in time for my act at ten o'clock, although I missed the first show. I have been in a daze since; I was in a trance after I did the stabbing. I have known I must be found out. I am glad that it is all over. I have made no attempt to escape. I am absolutely indifferent to my fate."

The sister, recovered from her swoon, was weeping softly, her head bowed in the other's lap.

"Tell me," said Lanagan curiously to her. "Why did you telephone to Monteagle?"

She gasped, and it appeared for the mo-

ment that she was about to swoon again. Finally she faltered, while her own sister looked at her strangely:

"I—was afraid sister meant him harm—I didn't think of it until I got home—and then something about her face came back to me—I wanted to warn Mr. Monteagle not to arouse her—I finally succeeded in getting him at his club before he left for his office and—he only laughed—"

"Yes," said La Pattini bitterly, "he told me so—and laughed—and snapped his fingers when he spoke about you—that was just before he struck me . . . and then I killed him."

**T**HE sudden fresh sobs of the younger girl, smothered as they were in her sister's lap, seemed to wrench her very being. Lanagan glanced at Leslie; Leslie averted his eyes. There was a prolonged pause, broken only by the agonized, stifled sobbing, while she of crime threw her arms shelteringly around the weaker vessel. But her own deathly calm she preserved.

Finally Leslie arose slowly and said simply:

"I am sorry. I have no recourse. My duty is clear."

"So is mine," said Lanagan quickly, "and it is this: I will guarantee you, Miss Northrup, the support of the 'Enquirer,' and I will secure for you as counsel my personal friend, Mr. William Hadden, the ablest man in the West, to present your case to a jury in the proper manner to secure the acquittal that you are entitled to."

It was then after one o'clock. We left Leslie at the house to bring the girl to the city prison after she had an opportunity of parting from her family. Leslie was to contrive not to book her before half-past two to save our "exclusive." By that time the "Times" and the "Herald" would be gone to press.

On our hurried trip to the office—where I took vast delight marching in on Sampson with a grin—Lanagan supplied me with the missing links. He spoke of finding a few strands from a manila rope sticking beneath the radiator and of his instant surmise as to the precise way in which the escape had been made. Monahan located Bartlett, Monteagle's former chauffeur, who had taken a public stand, and from him learned of the rope that Monteagle had in his closet which Bartlett had bought. Lanagan knew from his careful search that the rope was not in the closet when he made his examination, and he promptly concluded that Miss Grace Northrup must have known who committed the crime. She knew the rope was there, according to Bartlett, and Lanagan rightly surmised that she must have known of its disappearance.

Robbery not having been the motive, Lanagan had "rapped" to the theory of a jealous or vengeful woman who had deliberately marred the features after death. His police experience had included a case or two where somewhat similar conditions had been present.

It was from Bartlett that the first tip came on La Pattini, although he did not know, and neither did Lanagan at that time, that she was the sister of Monteagle's stenographer. All he knew was that until he left Monteagle's employ she seemed to be the favored of the alliances that the broker secretly maintained.

Lanagan had discovered that La Pattini had missed her first show on Monday night, and the circumstance was sufficient to stir his suspicions, although it must be confessed that until the development at the home, where her relationship to Miss Northrup was disclosed, nothing positive had been secured against her. The moment the relationship was made clear, both Lanagan and the chief had instantly reached the same conclusion. The "drive" had been made and the confession followed.

"Great, Jack, great," said Sampson with as much enthusiasm as his thin blood could support. "Gad! What a whaling we gave them! What a whaling!"

**T**HE "Enquirer" had smeared the story over three pages, breaking all make-up rules on type display. It was a clean exclusive in every detail.

"Well, Sampson," replied Lanagan, "it isn't much to be proud of at that. Only it's all in our game. But I've given my promise and we've got to get that girl acquitted."

"That's up to you," said Sampson. "The paper's yours."



# In the 10-Year Race for Favor Here's the Tire That Won

In the first ten years of this 20th century came a race for supremacy in pneumatic tires.

All the leading makers were in it.

And all of us knew that the tire which won must excel all others in the test of use.

In the past three years came the verdict, in vivid, unmistakable terms.

In 1909 No-Rim-Cut tires began to be preferred. In 1910 the sale doubled. In 1911 it doubled again. So far this year it has trebled over last.

Now the most popular tire that the world ever knew is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

And now an output of nearly 100,000 tires monthly fails to keep pace with the call.

## Voices the Verdict of Over 200,000

Over a million and a quarter of these premier tires have now gone into use.

They have been tested out on some 200,000 cars.

So the status today of No-Rim-Cut tires voices the verdict of 200,000 who have tried them out.

A verdict like that is too overwhelming for any tire user to question.

### Six Times Larger Than in 1909

In the year 1909—our tenth year of tire making—we sold 105,127 Goodyear tires.

In the past twelve months our output has been 649,147 pneumatic automobile tires.

So the demand for these tires, since 1909, has more than multiplied six times over. It doubles now every few months.

These figures tell, in a vivid way, how users regard No-Rim-Cut tires.

### How Goodyear Won

We brought to our factory years ago the best rubber experts we knew. And every year we've added to the corps.

To compare their ideas we built a tire testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions.

Every new idea in formula or fabric, material or method, was put to the mileage test. And those which won were adopted.

Thus we compared 240 formulas and fabrics. Thus we compared every

factory method. Thus we compared rival tires with our own.

As the years went by, in this ceaseless selection, Goodyear tires became better and better. At the end of ten years we had come close to finality in wear-resisting tires.

### Rim-Cutting Ended

During this time we brought out our patent type of tire.

This type—the No-Rim-Cut type—makes rim-cutting forever impossible.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined old-type tires are rim-cut. And rim-cut ruin cannot be repaired.

This new-type tire saves that 23 per cent.

We control by patents the only way to make a practical tire of this type. So the multiplying demand for tires

that can't rim-cut has centered on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

### 10% Oversize

Then we made these tires 10 per cent over the rated size. That meant 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity. It saved the blow-outs due to overloading.

This 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

By these two features—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—we cut the average tire bills in two.

### Profit Reduced to 8½ Per Cent

These new-type tires, made oversize, cost more to build than old-type tires of just rated size. And Goodyear is the costliest quality that goes into tires.

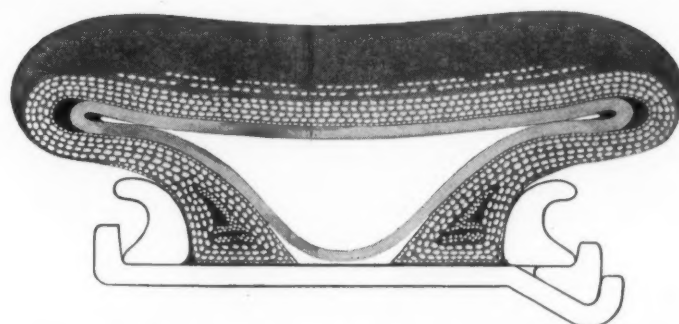
Yet Goodyear prices have kept close to other standard tires.

As a result, our profit last year averaged 8½ per cent.

By giving most we have gotten most. Those are the only reasons why No-Rim-Cut tires now dominate in Tiredom.

And those are the reasons why you will employ them when you once find them out.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They don't hook into the rim flange. So your removable flanges are set to curve outward when you adopt this tire. Just move them to the opposite sides.

Through the base of this tire run six flat bands of 126 braided wires. These make the tire base unstretchable, so nothing can force it off the rim. But unlock a flange and the tire slips off like any quick-detachable.

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Colonel  
says*



"It's a mighty comfortable thing, sir, that with all this talk about the high cost of living, you can still get as much pleasure as ever out of five cents' worth of tobacco. I leave it to you, is there anything that gives you so much pleasure for your money? Take this

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I've been smoking it for—let me see—forty years—and my father smoked it before me. I can go and pay more for a tobacco with a fancy vest. But it's the *tobacco* a man wants. And I could pay a cent or so less—and lose my fine old 'Bull' Durham flavor. No, sir, if I want to save a cent, I know more sensible ways of doing it.

"'Bull' Durham means something to me. It means pure, sensible, honest tobacco. It means hours and hours of comfort. It means hours of *peace*. If you're a 'Bull' Durham man, you know I'm right."



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